

## NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—No. 1.

## NEW YORK FROM THE SEA.

AS the steamer enters New York Bay from the sea, and sails between the villa-crowned shores of Staten and Long Islands, through that contracted passage known as the Narrows—the gate-way of our Western world, through which ceaselessly come and go the great ships and steamers, bearing flags of every nation, and connecting our waters with every sea—we observe on our left the massive battlements of Fort Richmond, or the water-battery of Fort Tompkins, at the lower verge of the Staten Island shore. Opposite, on Long Island shore, are similar formidable forts and batteries.

Passing amid these noble guardians of the entrance of our harbor, we see the great island-city of the Western hemisphere extending before our gaze. To the left is Bedloe's Island, a mere bank in the water, almost *made* for the convenience of the United States Government in the construction of a fort. Another island-fort, smaller and more insignificant, stands still farther toward the Jersey shore, and then well round the point of Governor's Island, stands old Fort Columbus, facing Castle Garden like a perpetual menace. As we sail beyond the westerly point of Governor's Island, in our upward sweep to our North River pier, the entire splendor of the Empire City is spread before us like a dream. There are the crowd of sail upon the rivers, the puffing and busy tugs, the numerous ferry-boats, "the forest of

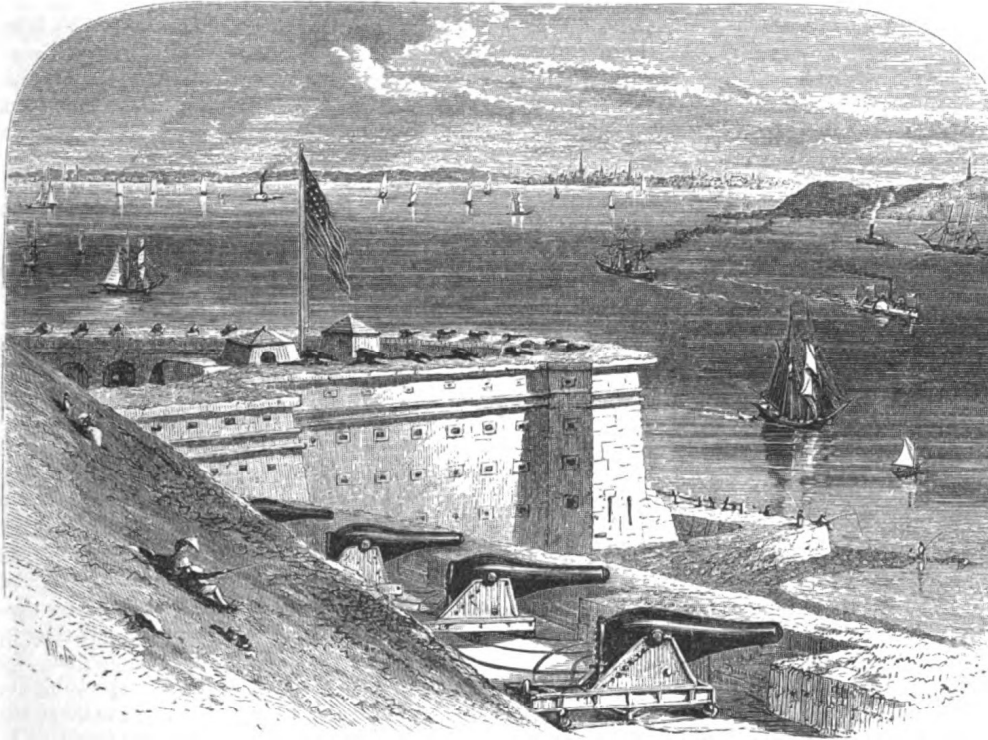
masts," the big ships, the mammoth steamboats, Trinity spire, looming up so nobly, the dome of the City Hall, the well-known Castle Garden, the crowded Brooklyn shores—all a brilliant and stirring panorama that few sights in the world can equal. At the extreme lower part of the island is

## THE BATTERY.

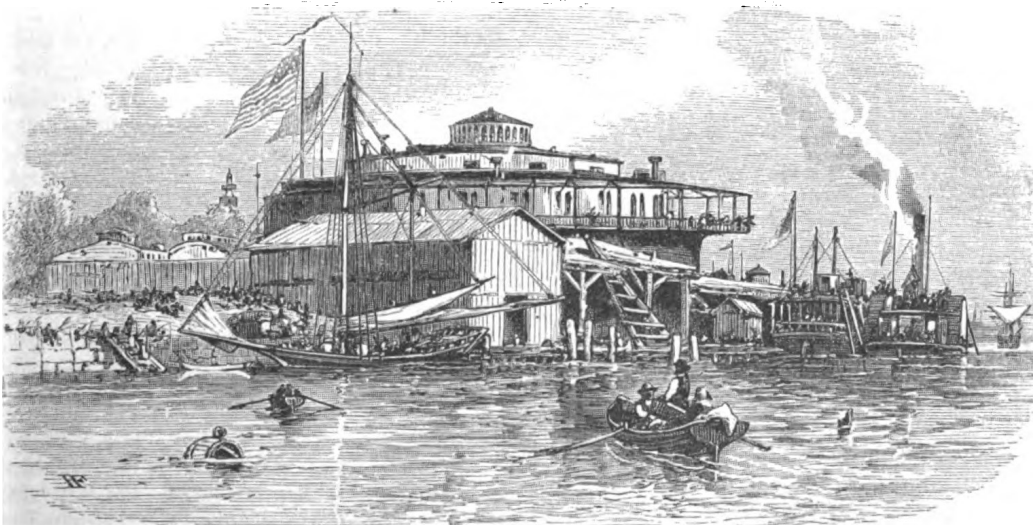
Most striking monument of respectability and beauty run to wretchedness and squalor, that can be found in any but the oldest countries, the Battery exists to-day an example of the changes a few years will bring. Without going back to the old time, when it was a great grass-grown field, sprinkled with windmills and made homely with flocks and herds of pasturing sheep and cattle, men still in their prime can recollect it as the favorite promenade of the wealthiest and most fashionable class of the city. Hither came, on pleasant summer evenings, the fathers and mothers of the generation of to-day, for health, the fresh sea-breeze, flirtation, and enjoyment generally. They, in their unex-

panded thought, had more faith in it than their sons and daughters have in Central Park. They believed its plain stone wall and massive wooden railing were a monument of enterprise and engineering that could never be surpassed, and they were happy in their simple feeling, and content. Why, even fifteen years ago, there still remained an oasis of attraction for the votaries of art and fashion which may be

regarded as the last link connecting the tide that flowed up town with the extremity of the island. This link was Castle Garden. In its own name and that of the ground whereon it stood, it explained the military nature of its origin. In times when 20-inch Rodmans were unknown and a "long 32" was regarded as the noblest work of



New York from Fort Richmond.



View of Castle Garden and Battery from the Bay

artillerist genius, this unsightly old mass of circular masonry-work was the guardian sentinel upon Manhattan's bay-girt shores. After Castle Garden had smoothed its grim-visaged front of war and got rid of the iron bulldogs that grinned so menacingly from its embrasures, it went to the other extreme and gave itself up in a reckless manner

to the lascivious pleasing of the lute. In point of fact, it became a music-hall. Therein, after it had gone through divers minor vicissitudes, was triumphantly introduced to the American public the incomparable Jenny Lind. Therein Jullien, in November, 1853, gave us the first of his marvellous series of monster popular concerts. Even so late as the fall of 1854, Grisi and Mario and Susini made its ancient walls echo to their melodious strains, and, for the last time, brought, thronging by Bowling Green and the Washington Hotel, long lines of carriages of appreciative throngs of upper tenor. This was Castle Garden's closing glory. Within a few months it was transformed into an immigrant depot, and all its classic memories blotted out forever, except as they are held green in lingering memories. From this period forth the Battery degenerated with a velocity shocking to behold by citizens who had known it in its better days. It became a prey to the speculations of ruthless municipal officials and their friends, and rapidly sunk into the condition of a desolate and dissipated waste. A well-known public character obtained a contract to "fill in" the space between the old line of the Battery and the shoal just outside. He has been filling it for about twelve years, and the work seems as far from completion as ever. Instead of an addition to the space and beauty of the spot, it has been degraded to the level of a colossal dust-heap on one side and mouldering reminiscence of vegetation on the other. The

very trees have become infected with the demoralizing atmosphere of the place, and even those scarcely arrived at maturity show signs of speedy dissolution. The usefulness of the Castle Garden Emigrant Depot, as a means of shielding from extortion and violence the multitudes continually arriving here from

other countries, is the only redeeming feature of the place. That, at least, is an inestimable benefit to the most defenceless portion of the community.

### TRINITY CHURCH.

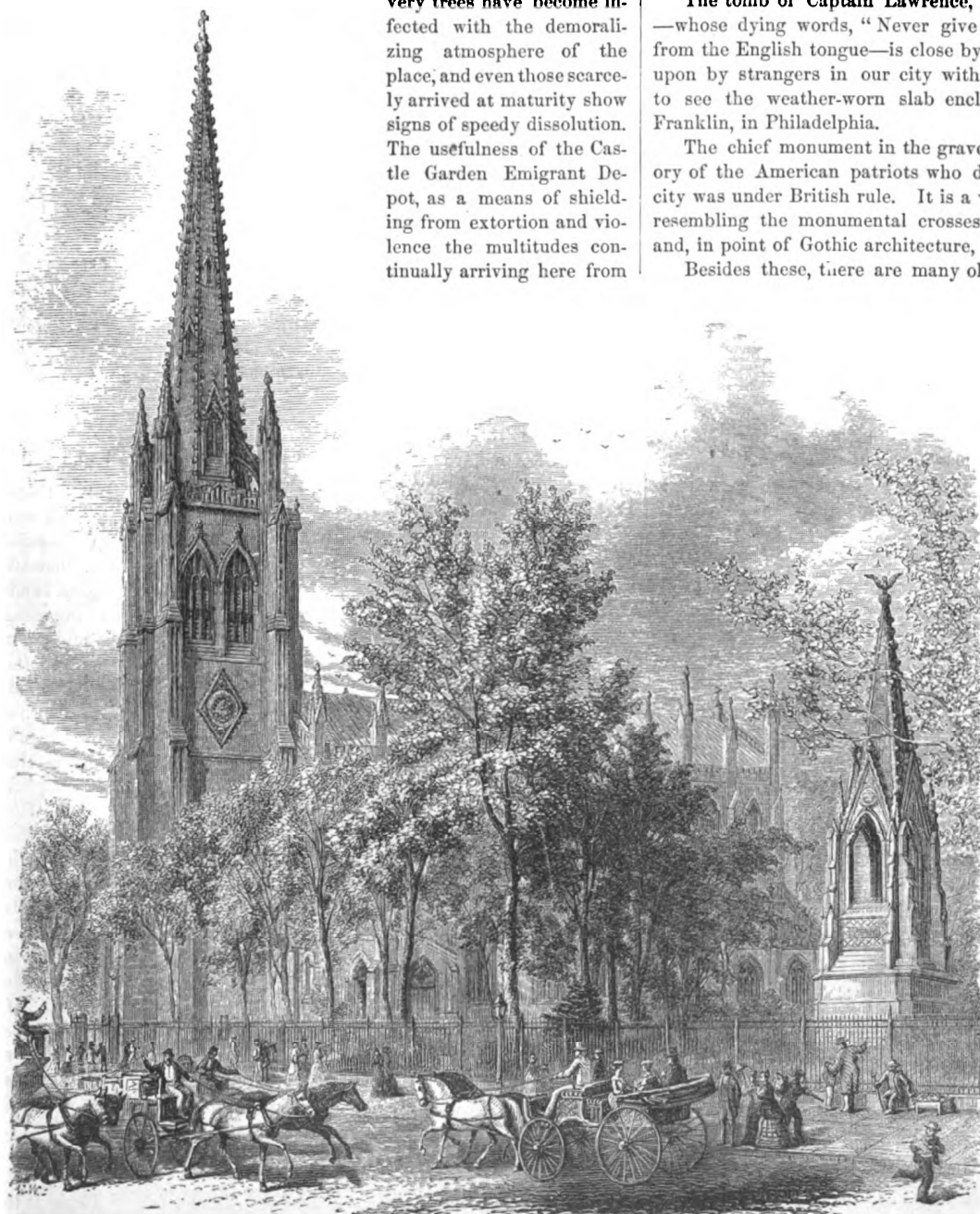
All New-Yorkers are proud of Trinity Church. The architecture is not the pure Gothic—so rarely attained—but the height of the steeple (two hundred and eighty-four feet), and its general architectural beauty and solidity redeem it from any slurs that may be thrown out by hypercritics. Moreover, there is hardly any thing pinch-beck in the entire structure. It is solid brown-stone, from foundation to spire, with the exception of the roof, which is wood. The walls of the church itself are fifty feet in height, and the whole edifice is generally recognized as one of the most elegant and cathedral-like on this continent. The graveyard of old Trinity occupies nearly two acres of ground (or it did so at one time), and within it are many venerated tombs.

Stop before this large but simple mausoleum. The winds and the rains of half a century have worn away a portion of the characters, and the thin moss which is generated from our eastern mists has cast its delicate greenness over the smooth marble; but, underneath, reposes the body of Alexander Hamilton, the friend of George Washington, and the victim of the memorable and unfortunate duel with Aaron Burr.

The tomb of Captain Lawrence, the hero of the "Chesapeake"—whose dying words, "Never give up the ship," will never perish from the English tongue—is close by the main entrance. It is looked upon by strangers in our city with the same interest that they go to see the weather-worn slab enclosing the skeleton of Benjamin Franklin, in Philadelphia.

The chief monument in the graveyard is that erected to the memory of the American patriots who died in British prisons while the city was under British rule. It is a very simple shaft of brown-stone, resembling the monumental crosses often found in European cities, and, in point of Gothic architecture, surpasses the church itself.

Besides these, there are many old gravestones, even within a few feet of Broadway, which are probably even more interesting to the strangers, gazing through that long line of iron railing, extending from Thames Street to Rector Street, on the west side of Broadway. Here, for instance, we have, in mouldering brown-stone lettering, the statement of the fact that "Susannah Gregory, the spouse of Jonas Gregory, died in the year 1787;" and, just beneath, despite the earth which the last rain has beaten up against the lettering, we make out (but very dimly) that the good-man Jonas followed his good-wife Susannah to the eternal rest, only two years afterward. "Thomas Wilkins, the infant son of Maria and Tobias Wilkins, aged one year three months," made a tombstone (almost illegible) for himself in 1765, when our fathers were toasting King George III. at their banquets, and before there was any idea of making a big teapot out of Boston Harbor. Next to this repose the last "mortal relics" of "George Van Krüser, slain while fighting in the War of Independence, in the year of our Lord 1781." Two lines of verse are under his name. Time has effaced them, but "George" probably sleeps as



Trinity Church and Martyrs' Monument.



soundly as if they glinted out brightly and broadly to every Broadway loungers who cares to pause and muse over these time-honored, time-stained monuments of the past.

The chimes of Old Trinity are surpassed by very few bells in the world. On all holidays the operator peals forth the most delightful music, his selections including patriotic as well as religious airs. The chimes are, indeed, considered so important that their programme for the next day is usually reported in the daily papers.

Trinity itself is the oldest church in the city. The first edifice was destroyed by fire in 1776, and was rebuilt in 1790. It was afterward (in 1839) pulled down. The present noble structure was finished and consecrated in 1846.

The view from the lookout in Trinity tower is the finest that can be afforded in the city of New York.

The view extends from the Highlands of New Jersey (and, in clear weather, from Sandy Hook), far up into the Palisades, and up among the picturesque islands that throng the throat of Long Island Sound. The perquisite received by the sexton is merely nominal, and no stranger should quit the metropolis without making this famous ascent.

In all the old churches of New York the plan of a collegiate charge was the rule. Trinity Church was considered the parish church, and, therefore, had a collegiate charge. St. John's, St. George's, and St. Paul's were considered "chapels" merely.

#### THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

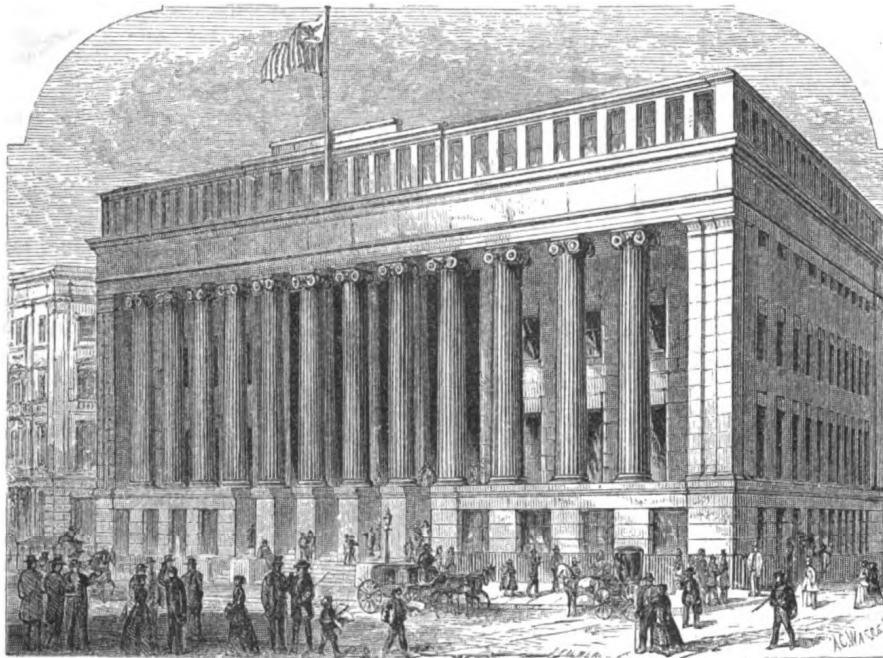
Once this building was known as the Merchants' Exchange. Then it was famous for the great granite plinths of the columns that supported the pediment of the front elevation. They should be as famous still. Massive cylindrical blocks such as these, fluted and otherwise cut from the most unyielding of stones, are a triumph of masonry.

This present Custom-House occupies the irregular square between Wall Street, Exchange Place, William Street, and Hanover Street. Scarcely any thing but stone was employed in its construction. Mr. Isaiah Rogers was the architect, to whom the city is indebted for this really splendid piece of architecture. It is splendid because of its insured stability; and yet, great as its dimensions are, it only cost about \$1,800,000. These dimensions are a depth of 200 feet, a frontage of 144 feet, and a rear breadth of 171 feet. Its height to the top of

the central dome is 124 feet. Beneath this dome, in the interior of the building, is the Rotunda, around the sides of which are eight lofty columns of Italian marble, the superb Corinthian capitals of which were carved in Italy. They support the base of the dome, and are probably the largest and noblest marble columns in the country.

Here in this spacious and lofty apartment are gathered the principal officers of the Custom-House, and a busy crowd of merchants and clerks ceaselessly flows in and out of its ample doors. No building in our city is better worth a visit from strangers.

The fact that the original stockholders in the building, whereof this is the successor, lost every cent they had invested, has never interfered with the satisfaction felt by the present owners of stock in the concern at the profitable use they have made of the later shares they were fortunate enough to own.

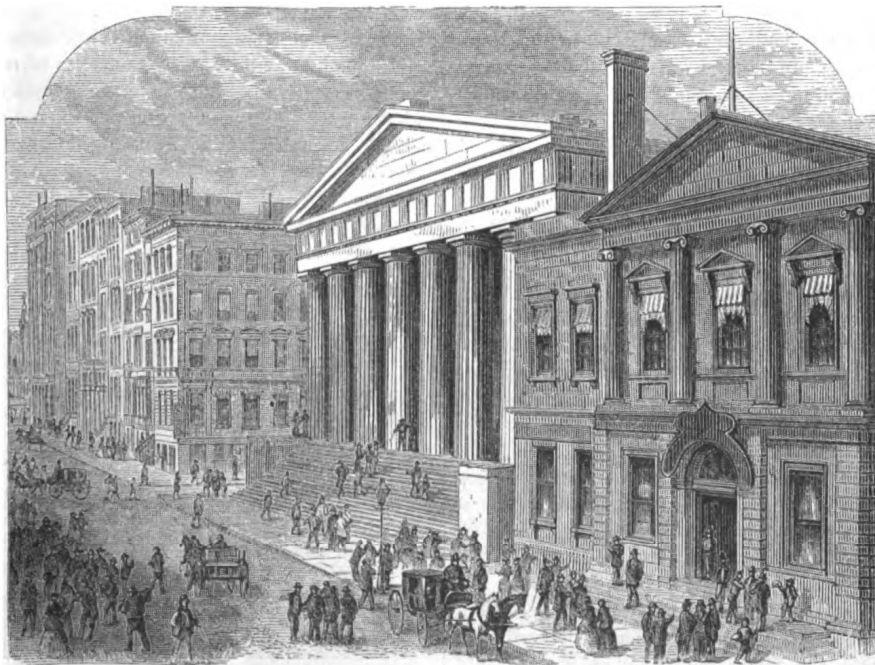


Custom-House.

#### THE UNITED STATES TREASURY AND ASSAY OFFICE.

This white-marble building, on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, was constructed for and long used as the Custom-House of the port of New York. The Custom-House has been removed to the more commodious quarters

afforded by the premises formerly known as the Merchants' Exchange, and Uncle Sam has located one of his chief financial offices here instead. The building is a handsome and imposing one, and would be a fine specimen of the Doric order of architecture, had it not been disfigured by unseemly accessories that mar the simplicity of the design. It is 200 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 80 feet high. The main entrance on Wall Street is made by a flight of eighteen marble steps, while on Pine Street, in the rear, the acclivity of the ground brings the entrance almost on a

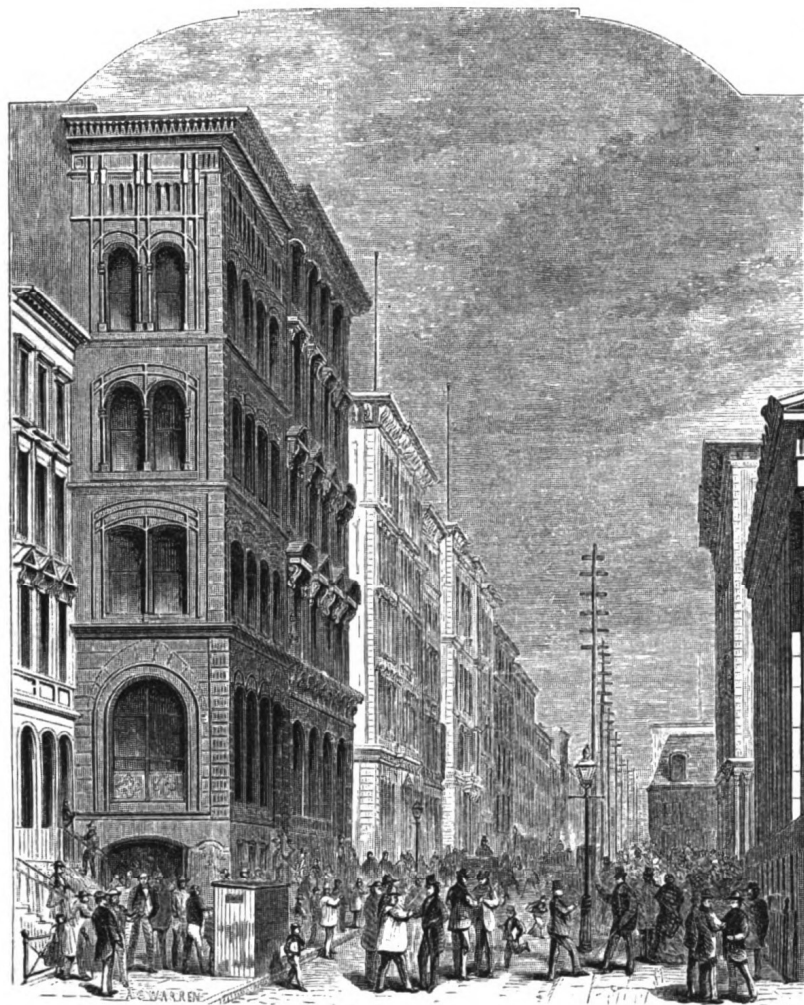


Treasury Building, and Wall Street looking West.

level with the street. The old Federal Hall used to stand on this same site, and the spot is rendered classic from its being that whereon Washington delivered his inaugural address.

#### NASSAU STREET, LOOKING NORTH FROM WALL.

A wonderfully busy street—a street noisy and full of life, as it is narrow and destitute of facilities for the incessant stream of traffic that rushes through it. Just here is where one sees the pressure on it



Nassau Street, North from Wall Street.

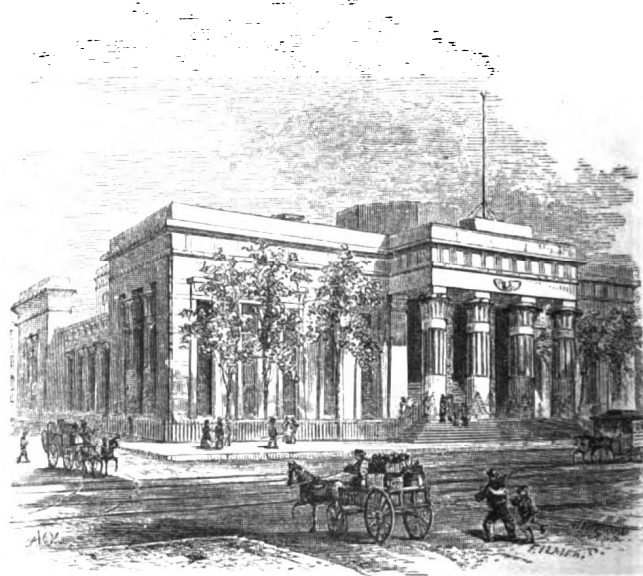
most. The Nicolson pavement is, with all its faults, an immense improvement on the noisy Belgian and other experiments that have been tried here. It affords peace and quiet to the money-changers in such temples of finance as those of Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, Duncan & Sherman, the Bank of Commerce, and others that line each side of the thoroughfare. The view is virtually closed by the Post-office, and of that it is better not to give any description.

### THE TOMBS.

It has not been recorded who first gave the City Prison and Criminal Court-House its expressive name; but infractors of the laws, who are sent to stay there are, undoubtedly, for the term of their confinement, virtually buried. They are dead to the world, so long as they remain there; and is there not, cast over them all, the shadow of that hideous emblem of the grim destroyer—the gallows? Those who have never visited the various departments of the Tombs, can have but a faint idea of the depravity of human nature, or the wonderful process of “case-hardening” through which a statistical average of the community seem to inevitably go. Of course, there are always prisoners within its fastnesses who command a share of sympathy; some of whom are really innocent and have no business there at all, and others under sentence for a first offence—but the majority are more wicked than the reputable orders of society can well imagine, and really seldom meet with one tithe of the punishment they deserve. Every one who has seen the Tombs knows what a parody upon a Memphian or Theban temple it appears. The waste of space in its construction is a marvel of misdirected architectural skill; yet there is a certain individuality about its heavy, squat, and general solid character that commands attention; while the elevation on Centre Street, with its overwhelming portico and pediment, and depressing area of dismal quadrangle, is a masterpiece of what genius may accomplish in the way of gratuitous gloom. Crime comes to preliminary judgment here in a room on the right-hand side as you enter. This is the Tombs Police Court,

where, as early as six or seven o'clock each morning, a district justice takes his seat upon the bench to hear what charges may be brought before him, and decide what shall be done with the prisoners. In minor cases such as drunkenness, disorderly conduct, or vagrancy, this magistrate can order summary fine, commitment, or discharge, at his discretion. Commitments are made to the jurisdiction of several higher courts, but the only one of these in the Tombs building is the Court of Special Sessions. Two justices are supposed to sit together there, and they have to deal with such matters as petty larceny, assault and battery, and certain forms of common misdemeanor. Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, they strive to be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well. As a general thing, experience has rendered them amazingly successful in this endeavor. They have known the dangerous classes so long and intimately, as to enable them, except when influenced by political interest, to be eminently discerning and impartial. A great many culprits go from this court to the cells in the interior of the Tombs. More, however, come there from the Court of General Sessions and the criminal side of the higher courts. The interior arrangements of the jail proper do not materially differ from those usually found in institutions of the kind, though many improvements might be made in the accommodations, especially in the matter of ventilation. The lack of room necessitates the crowding of prisoners together, a practice which does not work favorably on the morals of the less vicious. There are eleven cells of special strength and security, in which are convicts sentenced to death, or a life worse than death in the State prison; six others, wherein are locked up those guilty of less heinous crimes; and six more, used for hospital purposes. There are sixty more cells on the two upper tiers, for those convicted of various degrees of felony. These are on the male side. On the female side are twenty-two cells, and one-half of these are used as temporary receptacles of such cases as go no farther than the Police Court or Special Sessions. Each prisoner costs

the county an average of about thirty cents a day for his board. The inner quadrangle, formed by the series of cellular structures, is where the last penalty of the law is put in execution. Except at the moment when that penalty is enforced, there is nothing impressive or remarkable in its appearance. Still, any one, acquainted with the associations belonging to its sombre monotony of gray stone walls and narrow gratings, feels a vague, disagreeable sense of awe as he hears his own footsteps echo in hollow reverberation from its corners.



The Tombs.

### THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Equitable Company, judging from the character of its new building, evidently intends to last for several centuries. It may be said safely, and without invidiousness, that there is no other structure in New York so solid and substantial. The architectural design is not entirely pure, but is useful and effective. Doric is the pattern of the lower stories, composite of those immediately above, and the upper part is finished in the *renaissance* or *Mansard* roof style. What is lacking in correctness is made up in picturesque boldness of scenic outline, and few edifices on Broadway will be apt to attract more attention. The entire building has a frontage of 87 feet on Broadway, is 187 feet deep on Cedar Street, and will be 137 feet high.

### HERALD BUILDING, ETC., BROADWAY.

The unfortunate Loew Bridge, which name was given to the unsightly structure that not long ago spanned Broadway at the intersection of Fulton Street, although considered a nuisance, afforded strangers an opportunity of witnessing one of the finest and busiest thoroughfares in the world, which cannot be obtained again for some years to come. It was generally shunned by citizens themselves, who would rather brave the perils of the roaring street, in among the wheels and horses' legs, than make its steep and laborious ascent, but the view from above was one well worth taking. Looking down Batteryward, there were to be seen the magnificent rows of elegant buildings stretching on either side of the way from the lower side of Fulton Street to Bowling Green, whose ancient fountain (we may call it so in this country) is just seen peeping up above the decline of the grand artery as it sweeps down to the Battery, with one current to the right, and closing at the old "Washington Headquarters," whose uppermost white story just glimmers above the hill; and the other side of the tide sweeping toward South Ferry, with a hundred stages and a dozen express-wagons navigating the difficult passages of the street.

Turn to the other side of the departed bridge, and the scene is



Corner Cedar Street and Broadway.

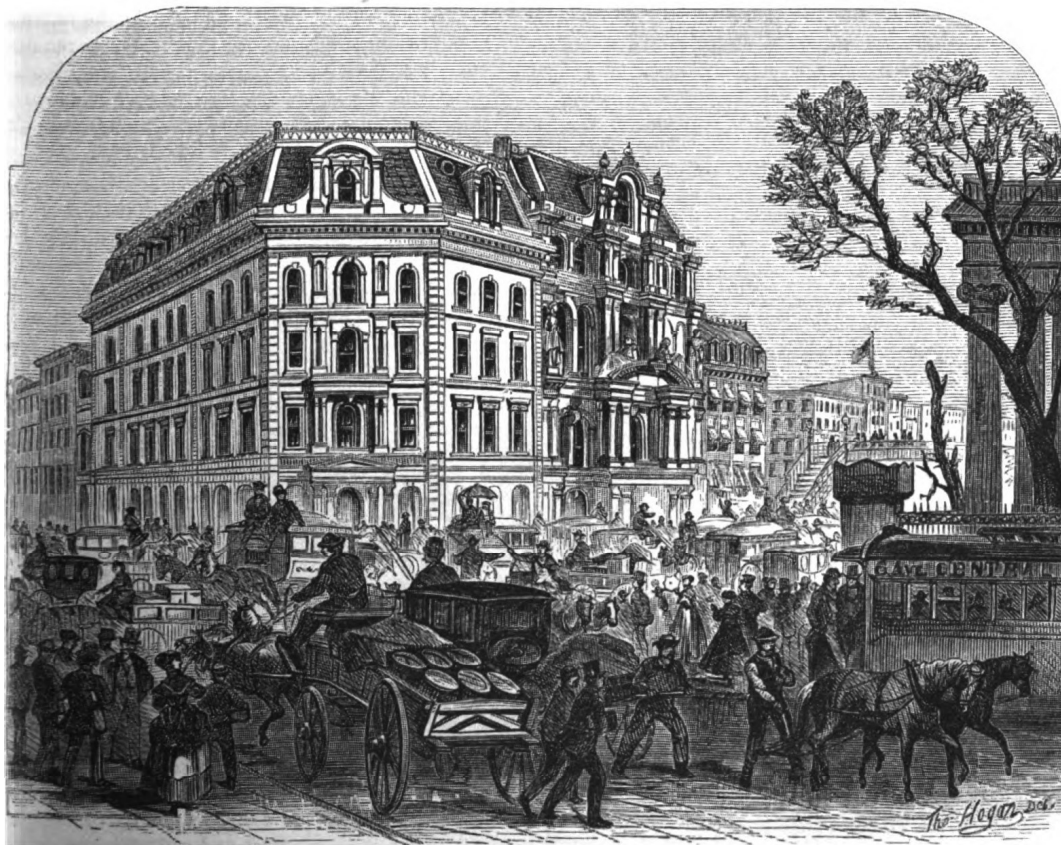
even more diversified and tumultuous. On the left is old St. Paul's, with its graveyard containing tombstones bearing dates as old as those in the grounds of Old Trinity, farther down; and on the right the *Herald* Building, and the splendid structure recently erected by the Park Bank.

The incidents connected with the erection of the former building are well known and interesting. The inception of the new *Herald* Building was coincident with the destruction, by fire, of Barnum's famous Museum in the summer of 1865. It created great excitement at the time. According to the imaginative reports of the daily press—especially the one proceeding from the *Tribune*—the stuffed wild beasts, dried alligators, preserved whales, and other inert specimens of natural history, were made to play a most extraordinary part for the amusement of the readers of the land, and, in some cases, we are

sorry to state, for their deception. The result was the purchase of the ground by Mr. Bennett from Mr. Barnum, in which occurred a singular misunderstanding between the parties, leading to an estrangement which afterward provoked the famous rupture between the proprietor of the *Herald* and the theatrical managers, now happily terminated.

The Park Bank—the next building southward—is one of the most showy, if not the finest in an architectural point of view, in the city of New York. It has been erected at an immense expense, and is one of the most attractive features of Broadway. At all times crowds of people pause by the railing of St. Paul's, to stare up at its elaborate and massive marble front, its colossal figures, and its columns and pediments. It is likely for a long time to rank as an architectural boast of the metropolis.

The Astor House on the left, glancing northward, is





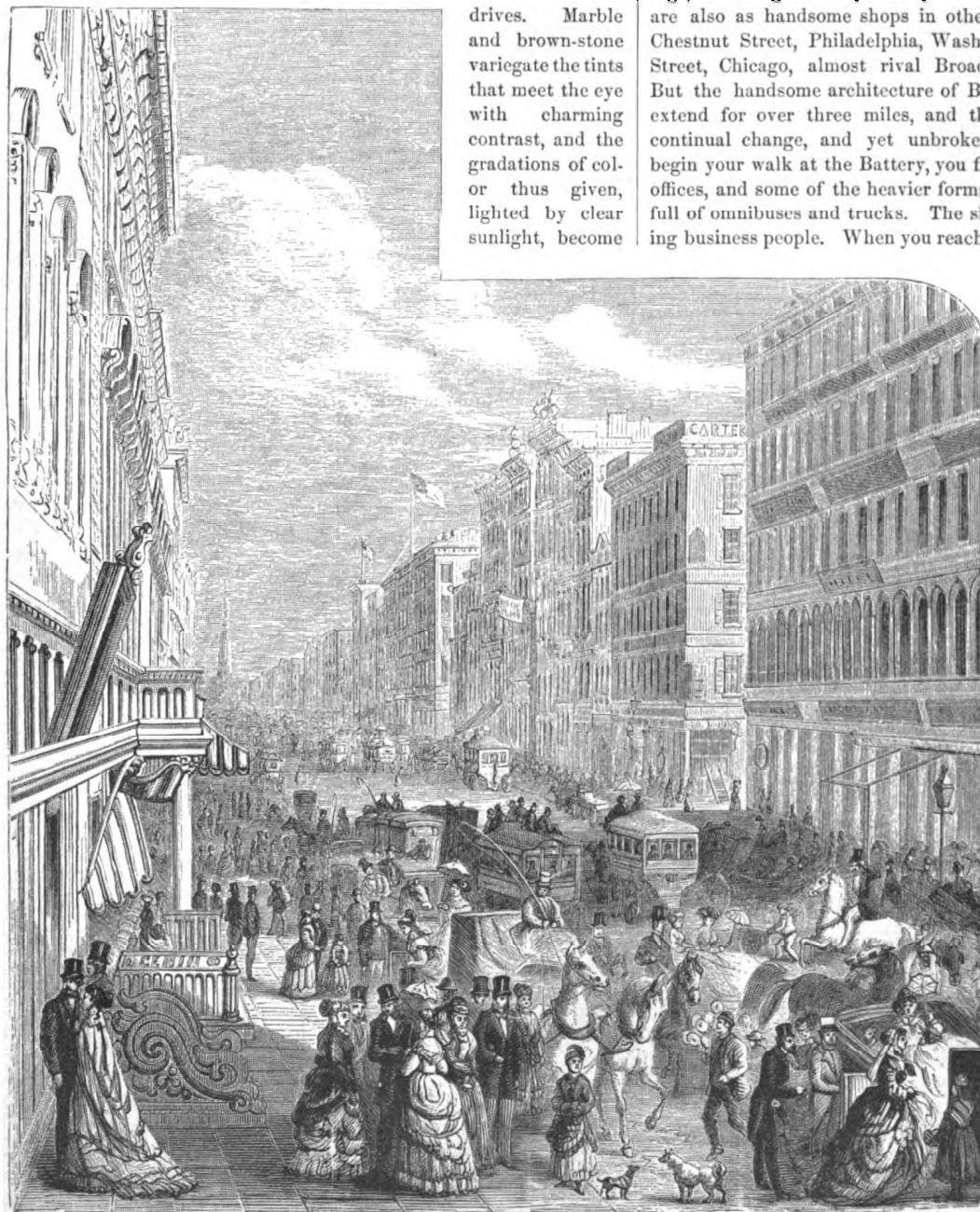
also of interest. In addition to its being one of the first-class hotels of the city, it has long been the favorite resort of army and navy men. Grant, Hooker, Farragut, Porter, and many of the rest who have recently placed their names high upon the muster-roll of fame, were wont to make this their favorite hotel when visiting the metropolis; and, it formerly was the scene of more distinguished "receptions" and entertainments than any other establishment of the kind in New York.

Our artist, in the scene delineated, has chosen probably the most animated portion of Broadway. The new *Herald* and Park Bank buildings as central objects; St. Paul's, in dark relief, to the right; the multitude of vehicles jostling their crowded way up and down the street; the wayfarers eagerly waiting for their opportunity to pass, without peril, through the press—the picture will be readily recognized and appreciated.

*BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH FROM THE ST. NICHOLAS.*

The vista is a long, and, in its way, a strikingly picturesque one. Taking the splendid façade of the St. Nicholas Hotel itself as a starting-point, the eye gathers in on either side a range of business palaces that are not equalled for display in any other city of the world. The tall and graceful spire of Grace Church closes the view, for, at that point, Broadway makes the bend due north which leads it

to the Harlem drives. Marble and brown-stone variegates the tints that meet the eye with charming contrast, and the gradations of color thus given, lighted by clear sunlight, become



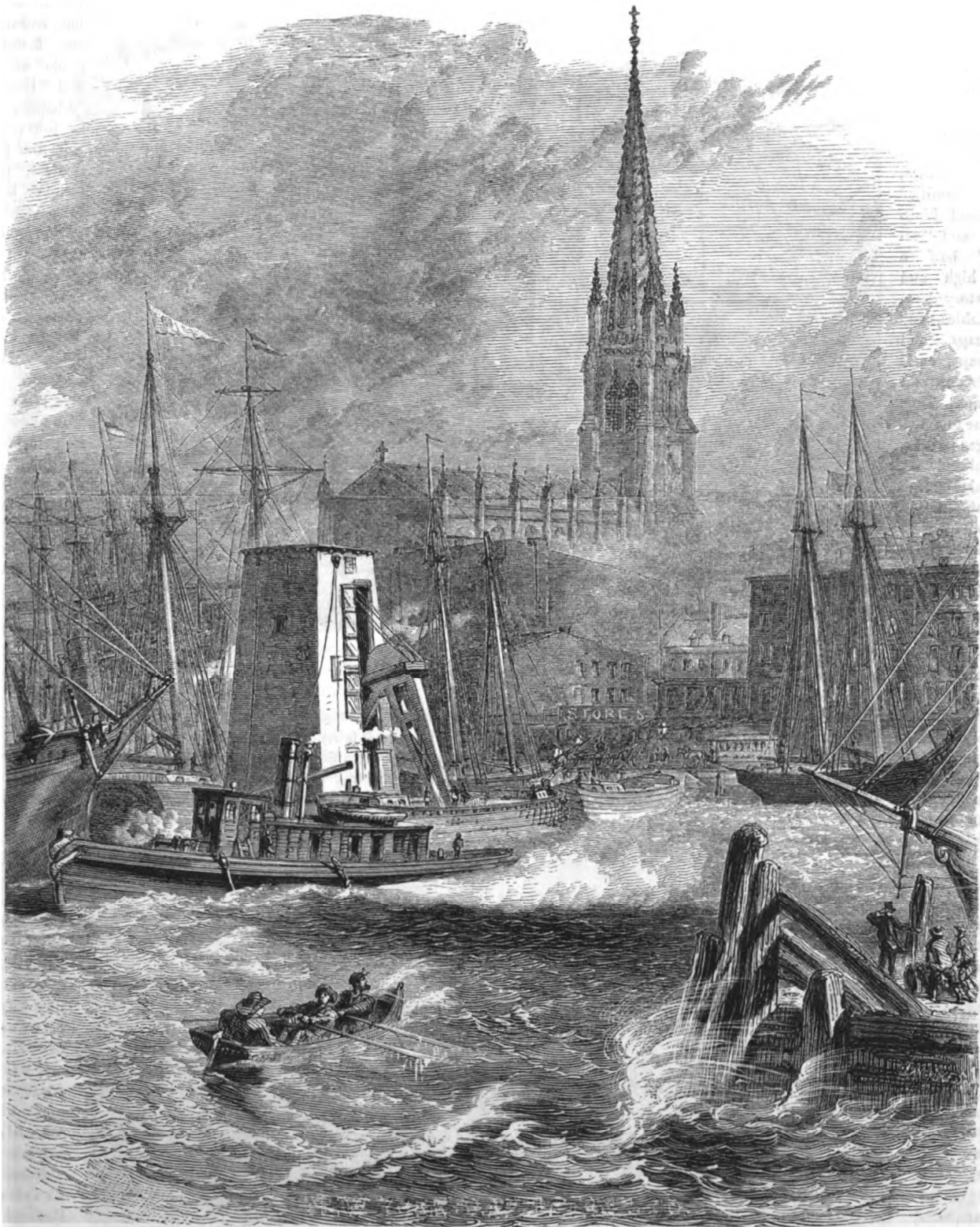
Broadway, looking North from the St Nicholas.

an actual presentment of effects for which the imagination of the artist might dream in vain. The actuality of incessant bustle, and even some idea of the accompanying buzz and roar, are conveyed in the picture of the scene herewith presented. The tide of stage and hack traffic; the episodal gleams of brilliant private equipages; the gay throngs of promenaders—all appear as if fresh from a sketch of one who could be both close and comprehensive in an effort at conscientious observation. A walk on Broadway has always been a perennial pleasure to the men and women of New York, and a great delight to strangers. It is related that Charles Dickens, when he first visited this country, would spend hours at his window at the hotel, watching the ever-changing tide of equipages and pedestrians. Thackeray, when here, also keenly appreciated the stir and bustle of this brilliant promenade, and was never tired of walking its pavements, and watching, with his keen, searching eye the ceaseless procession of human faces. He always pronounced it the finest street in the world. "Let us walk down Fleet Street, sir," old Dr. Johnson was wont to say, when seeking relaxation from his literary labors, or an escape from his melancholy. How the old city-loving Doctor, with his fondness for busy highways, and his hatred of the solitudes of the country, would have delighted in such a street as Broadway! To a man of his temperament, it would afford an endless means of pleasure.

There are other streets in New York that have as fine buildings, and in general symmetry of effect are even handsomer. There are also as handsome shops in other cities. For short distances, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Washington Street, Boston, and Lake Street, Chicago, almost rival Broadway in animation and gaiety. But the handsome architecture of Broadway, and its bustle and life, extend for over three miles, and this is its superiority. There is continual change, and yet unbroken continuity of effect. If you begin your walk at the Battery, you first find shipping-offices, express-offices, and some of the heavier forms of merchandise. The street is full of omnibuses and trucks. The sidewalks are crowded with hurrying business people. When you reach above Wall Street, you enter the

domain of the banks, the insurance-offices, and the lawyers. Architecturally this is probably the handsomest part of the street. Above the Park you enter among the jobbers, and find the street lined with their stately warehouses. So far you have seen no mere promenaders, only a rushing crowd of people intent on business, with here and there a woman. As you cross Canal Street you come among the retailers, with their gay shop-windows, and the big hotels, the theatres, and an infinite variety of indescribabilities; and now there is more elegance on the sidewalks. Well-dressed idlers begin to abound. Ladies are more frequent, and their handsome toilets give relief to the tide of dark-coated men. As you ascend, the shops get handsomer; and, by the time you reach Tenth Street, you find an utter change in all the aspects of the street. This point is the ladies' shopping-ground. Carriages are in possession of the roadway, and throngs of women in elegant costumes flock in and out of the shops. The scene is one of the brightest and gayest conceivable.

## NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED.—No. 2.



AROUND THE WHARVES.

BEING an island, and a singularly-shaped one at that, New York has the conveniences for a greater extent of wharfage than any city in the world, and a stroll around this water-belt of commerce, if it may so be termed, is one of the most interesting that can be made by a visitor; and on such a journey we now invite him.

No costly or elegant structures, no massive masonry, will surprise us upon this tour. We shall find most of the wharves very rotten, very dirty, very dilapidated, but generally animated and picturesque. Indeed, all the *débris* of the town seems to wash down and settle on

this outer rim of the city. Luckily there is a railroad belting the city, and we may ride or walk, as we please. Beginning at the upper extremity of the town, on the North River side, the first impression created is that of newness and confusion. We find a few wharves jutting out into the stream, and large enclosed basins filled up with discarded rubbish, uniting with the mixed deposits of the sewers, which afford a compound of odors that even a citizen of Cologne could not endure. After these come endless lumber-yards, brick-yards, stone-yards, slate-yards, wood-yards, oil-yards, junk-yards, lime-yards; with

schooners and sloops unloading their bricks, their lumber, their sand-stone, their blue-stone, their yellow-stone, their brown-stone, their lime, their foul petroleum, their coal, their coarse and bulky merchandise of many sorts. We pass through miles of lumber—an intricate city of lumber, with innumerable little, narrow streets winding in and out among the huge, toppling piles, with wretched little shanties on the outskirts, and blacksmiths' shops and junk-shops, and "saloons," half a story high and half a story deep, and stables, and mud-heaps, and ash-heaps, and refuse-heaps, and what not. Then we come to extensive gas-works, mountains of coal, mountains of coal-dust, and mysterious wonders of machinery. Then the boats begin to multiply. There are ice-boats, discharging their crystal luxury, hay-barges, a striking feature

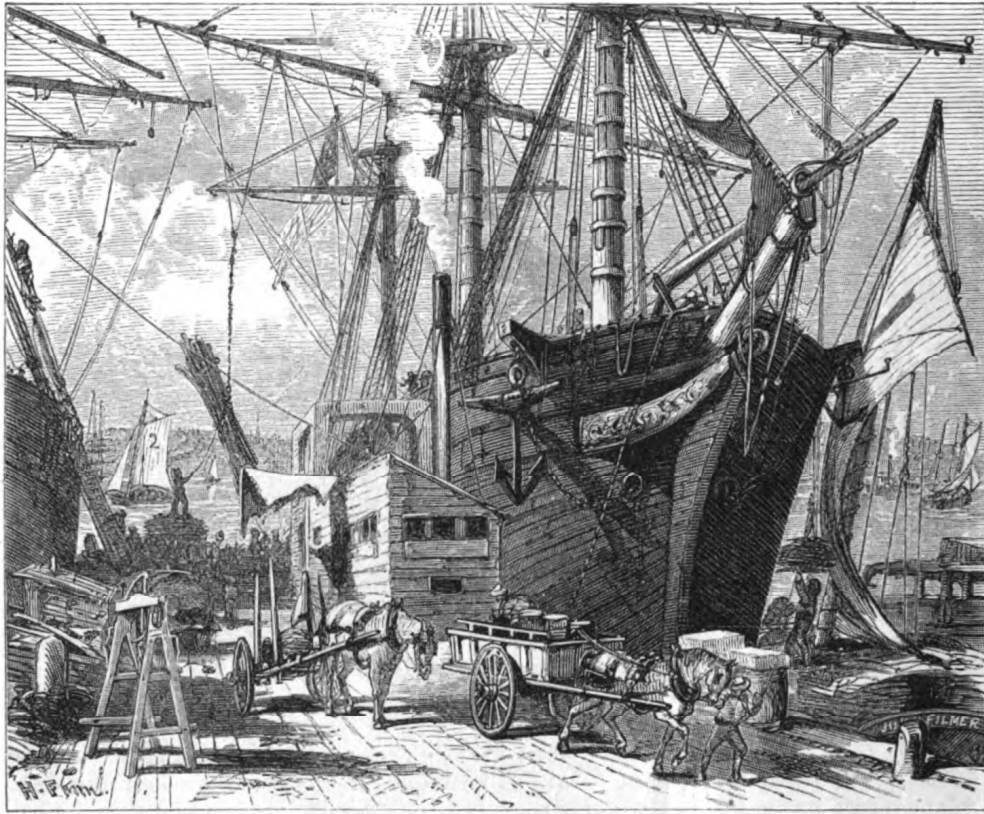
of the North River wharves, and the oyster-boats. Water-shops will probably more clearly describe these, as they are presented to the reader in our illustration. By far the great bulk of our oyster-trade is transacted through these floating sheds, some of whose proprietors have achieved colossal fortunes. In schooners, sloops, smacks, and every description of craft, the luscious bivalves are brought from the great plantations of Prince's Bay, Raritan River, Shrewsbury, etc.; and in the proper season the scene presented by the long line of oyster-boats is one well worth seeing.

If, as we stroll along, we go out to the extremity of a pier, our attention may be riveted for a moment by a North River flotilla, toiling laboriously up or down the stream. This consists of a cluster of canal-boats, rafts, and other lumbering crafts, with a little tug in the centre, puffing away industriously, and looking immeasurably insignificant in proportion to the size and number of the huge vessels which it, nevertheless, bears surely and steadily along. These steam-tugs are built entirely with a view to strength and steam-power, and the work which some of them perform is surprising.

We are now among the steamboats and steamers, crowding almost every wharf, hanging out their mammoth signs, flinging their gay ban-

ners to the wind, and roaring at us as we pass with their escaping steam. As all around New York are water-courses, the steamboats are more numerous than we can count, from the mammoth palaces for Albany or Boston to the bright little, tight little craft for the suburban

towns. Here over the entrance of one broad and noble wharf we find "Boston"—"Chicago" cheek by jowl; on one side the puffing, restless, panting steamer is ready to start with you off toward the latter place; on the other side, a noble chafing rival invites your departure for the former. In the frightful confusion, it is a wonder who knows which is which. The escaping steam, the ringing bells, the hurrying passengers, the rattling throng of coaches, coming and going, the swearing hackmen, the screeching newsboys, the rush of porters, the cries of the



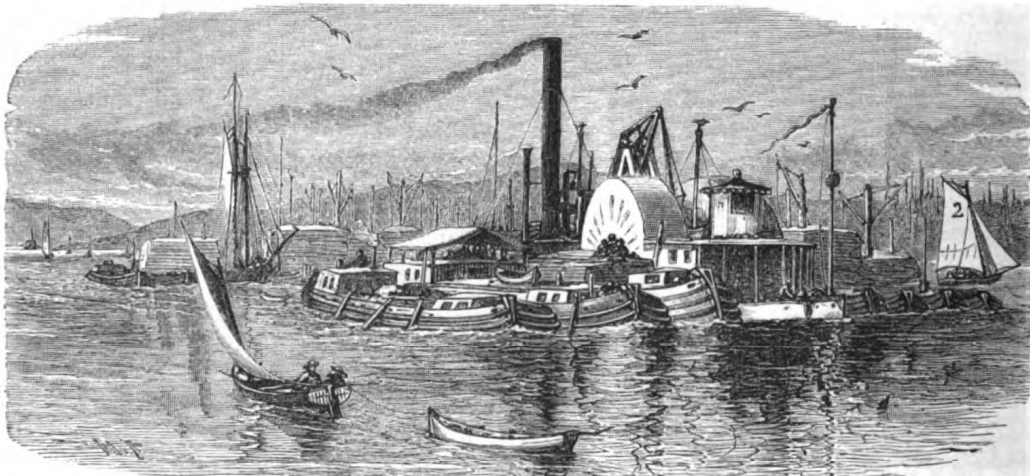
Wharf Scene.

fruit-venders—all make up a scene that out-Bedlams Bedlam.

We are now fairly in the heart of the great produce trade, which monopolizes West Street from Canal Street to the Battery, and most of the intersecting streets as far back as Greenwich Street. Flour, meal, butter, eggs, cheese, meats, poultry, fish, cram the tall warehouses and rude sheds, teeming at the water's edge, to their fullest capacity. Fruit-famed, vegetable-renowned Jersey pours four-fifths of its products into this lap of distributive commerce; the river-hugging counties above contribute their share, and car-loads come trundling in from

the West to feed this perpetually hungry maw of the Empire City. The concentration of this great and stirring trade is to be met with at Washington Market.

Reaching and skirting the Battery, with the wide bay in view, glancing at its passing vessels, its an-



North River Flotilla.

chored ships, and crossing the roaring mouths of Broadway and Whitehall, we turn the point of the triangular-shaped island, and emerge into the East River. The first thing that greets us is a wide area of canal-boats. Here the vast traffic of the Erie Canal centred. These canal-boats come down the North River, twenty or thirty locked together fraternally, and in tow of a steamer, looking like great floating islands. Flour and grain are the main products; and these we find to



the right and left of us. Passing on, we enter the domain of the great ships. It is a forest of masts—an old simile, but strikingly true. Here are the great merchantmen, the ships that sail to the Indies, that penetrate the China Sea, that follow the sun in its course. Here are the true old salts, the Captains Cuttle and Bunsby, the ancient mariners of song and story. Pressing our way through the throngs of hurrying merchants and brokers, rolling sailors, and prying sharpers, and through the rows of fruit and Cheap-Jack stands that line the cumbered sidewalk on either side, we pass the handsome ferry-house at the foot of Wall St., and a few

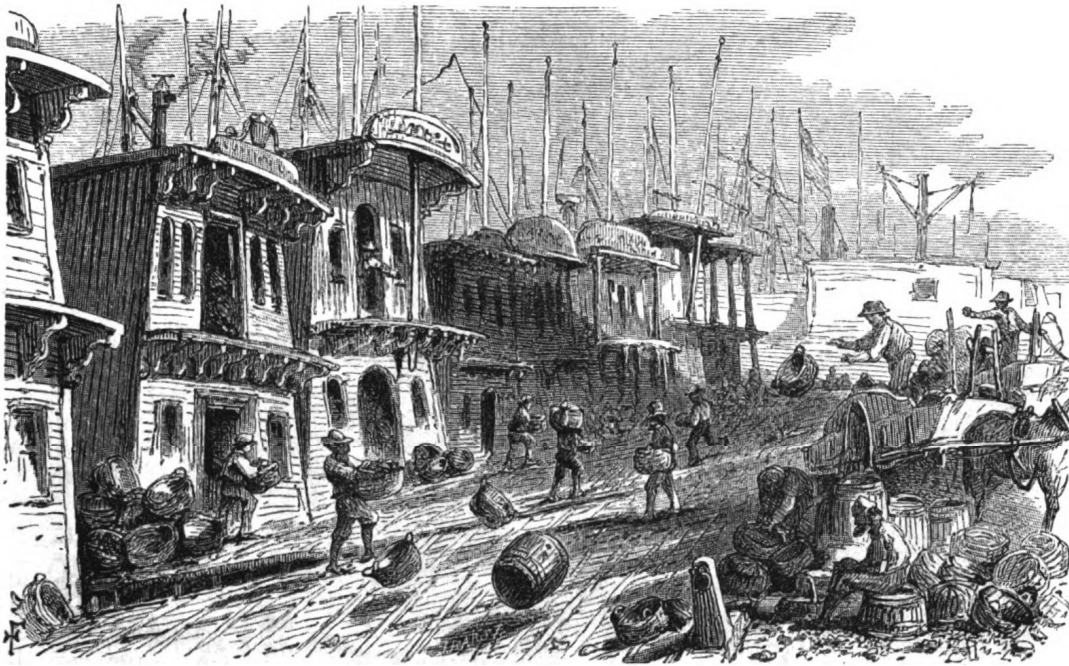
steps further bring us to Fulton Ferry, with its famous market. Here we may see a group of lively-looking fishing-smacks, riding at anchor in the water-slip, or discharging their finny treasures at the pier. Some of them are fresh from the fisheries off Barnegat, Long Branch, and the Cholera Banks, and, among the baskets filled with the shiners they have captured from the sea, one may easily distinguish the porgy, the black-fish, the sea-bass, the blue-fish, the Spanish-mackerel (last, but best), and numerous other varieties, which grace the tables of our epicures, and contribute largely to appease the fifteen hundred thousand appetites of New York and its suburbs.

Passing Roosevelt and Catharine Street Ferries, we soon after reach the Dry Docks. Marvellously crazy, rotten, twisted, unsightly objects these dry docks are. Great ships are lifted up in them naked and unseemly, while scores of busy workmen, with oakum, and tar, and copper, hang about their green, slimy, water-eaten bottoms. These docks extend many squares, and then we approach the ship-yards. Alas! they are empty. No more the "clamors of clattering hammers" salute the ear. A few "gnarled and crooked cedar knees" lie piled about, a few timbers with idle urchins playing about them, and this is all we see of the great industry that once reared so many goodly vessels "that should laugh at all disaster." American

ship-building has almost passed out of existence, for various reasons. Hurrying by these extensive yards, we draw near the great iron-founderies.

The "Novelty Iron-Works" are famous, we believe, everywhere. Not only have there been built here the huge boilers and ponderous

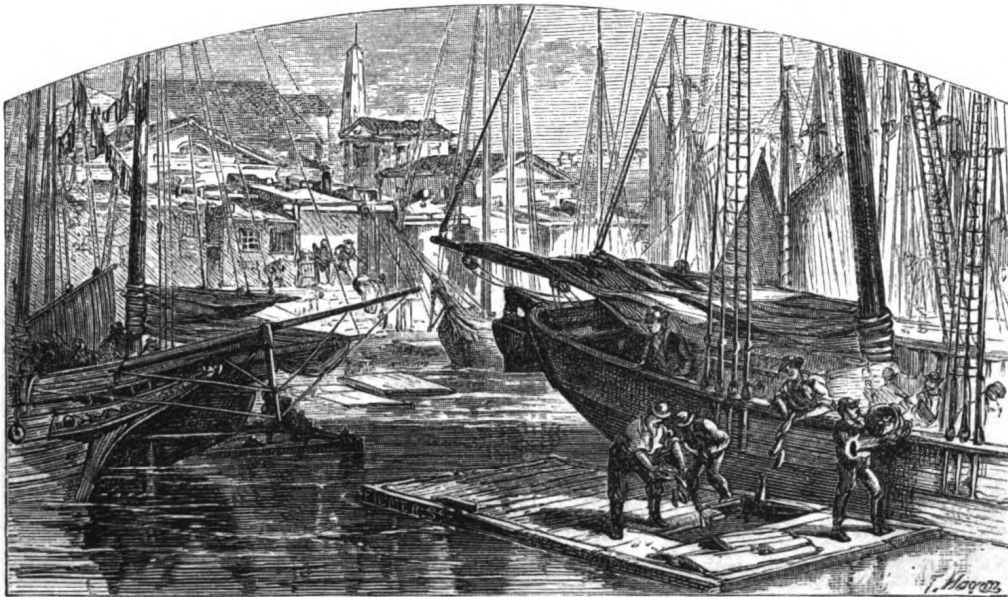
engines of many an ocean-going steamer, but the iron sides of the steamers themselves have been fused, and cast, and shaped, and bolted, and built on this spot. You note your approach to the works by the overflow of superfluous iron-ware. Vast, rusty, propped-up caverns of iron confront you; abandoned



Oyster Boats.

boilers, big enough for church-steeple, encumber all the highways; smaller fragments of iron, of manifold mysterious shapes, lie piled up on every curb-stone. Then appear the tall walls, the great chimneys, and all the horrible confusion of vast work-yards and work-shops. All about is grimy and repulsive. The mud is black with coal-dust; the pools of water dark and dismal; the low, rotten, wretched houses clustering about, damp and sooty; all the faces, and all the walls, and all the posts, and every object, grimy and soiled, while the distracting din of innumerable hammers, "closing rivets up," unites in rendering the

whole scene purgatorial. A great industry, a great power, a great source of wealth, no doubt, is the iron interest, but the manipulation of that indispensable metal has abundant harsh and discordant features. Beyond the Iron-Works are more ship-yards, more ferries, more vessels, with wharf-building, lot-filling,



Fishing-Smacks.

dirt-dumping, and vast accumulations of city dirt and *débris*.

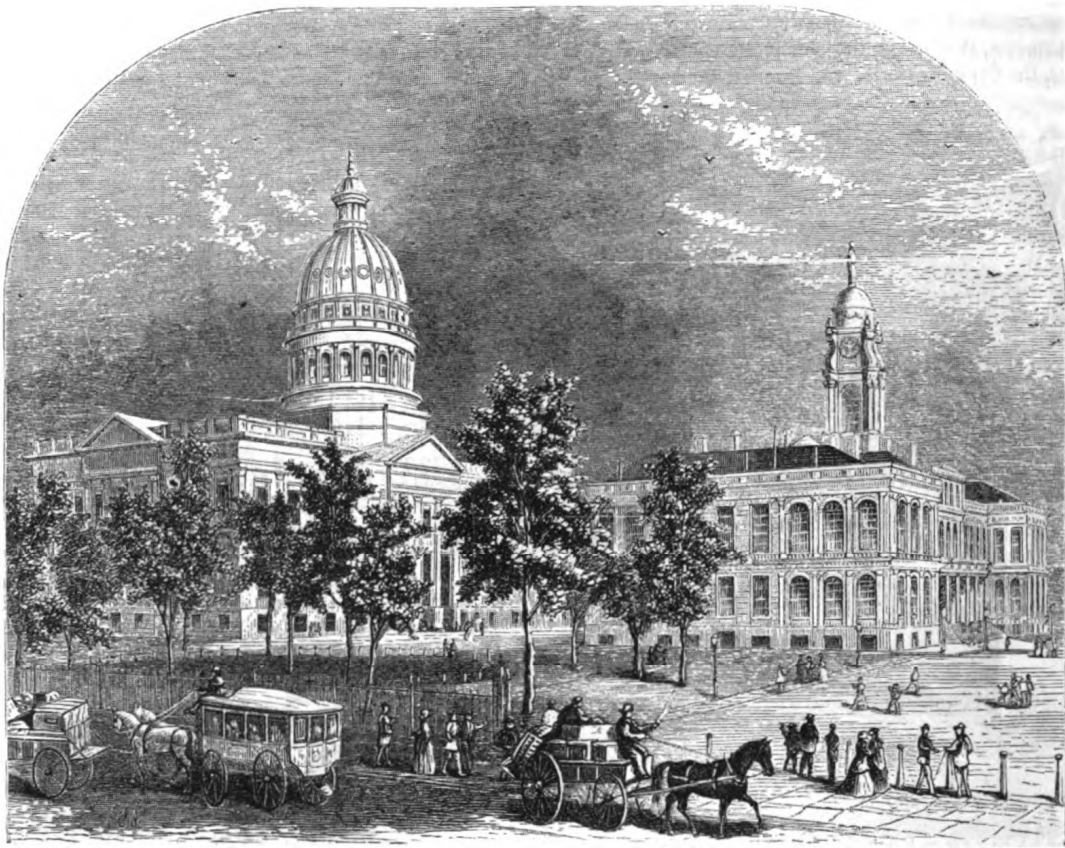
All along the shore have been numerous vast bonded-warehouses we have scarcely noticed. The teas, cotton, and other merchandise piled in these is almost beyond calculation. Our wharves, in their activity and bustle, show us to be preëminently a commercial city. It is to be hoped the time will come when a series of noble stone docks, commensurate with our metropolitan dignity, will surround the city.

## CITY HALL AND NEW COURT-HOUSE.

The view our artist gives of these buildings is from the corner of Murray Street and Broadway, where we have both buildings fully before us. The City Hall has so long been the chief public edifice of the city as to require but brief mention in print. The Court-House, however, now in a state of incompletion, immediately behind, and fronting on Chambers Street, deserves a more extended notice. This structure has

been in the course of erection for the past seven years and a half. It is built of white marble, with iron beams and supports, iron staircases, outside iron doors, solid black-walnut doors (on the inside), and marble tiling on every hall-floor of the building, laid upon iron beams, concreted over, and bricked up. With a basis of concrete, Georgia pine, over yellow-pine, is used for the flooring of the apartments. The iron supports and beams are of immense strength, some of the girders crossing the rooms weighing over 50,000 pounds. The pervading order of architecture is Corinthian, but, although excellent, the building cannot be said to be purely Corinthian. An additional depth of, say, thirty

feet, would have prevented a cramping of the windows on the sides, which now necessarily exists, and have added power and comprehension to the structure as an entirety; but the general effect is striking. The building is two hundred and fifty feet long, and one hundred and



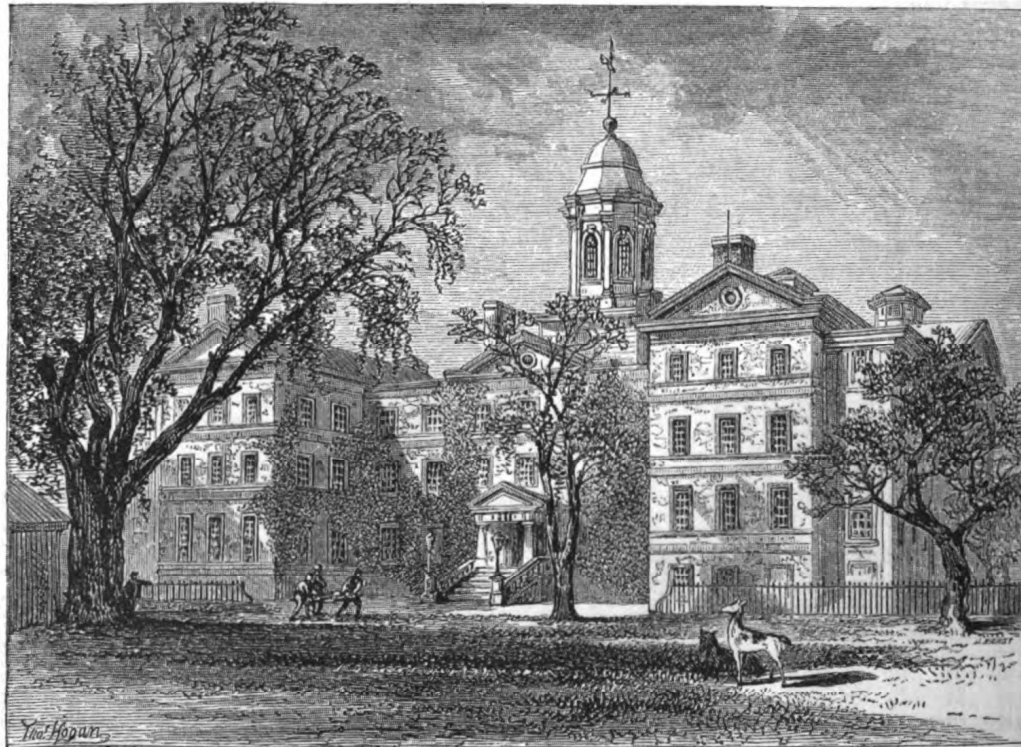
City Hall and New Court-House.

Capitol at Washington. The dome, viewed from the rear, as given in our illustration, appears something heavy and cumbrous for the general character of the structure which it crowns; but a front view, from Chambers Street, when the eye, in its upward sweep, takes in the broad

fifty feet wide. From the base-course to the top of the pediment the height is ninety-seven feet, and to the top of the dome, not yet erected, two hundred and twenty-five feet. From the sidewalk to the top of the pediment measures eighty-two feet; to the top of the dome two hundred and ten feet. When completed, the building will be surmounted by a large dome, giving a general resemblance to the main portion of the

flight of steps, the grand columns, and the general robustness of the main entrance, dissipates this idea, and attaches grace and integrity to the whole.

One of the most novel features of the dome will be the arrangement of the tower, crowning its apex, into a light-house, which, from its extreme power and height, it is supposed, will furnish guidance to vessels as far out at sea as that afforded by any beacon on



New York Hospital.

the neighboring coast. This is the suggestion of the architect, Mr. Kellum, but, whether or not it will be carried out in the execution of the design, Mr. Tucker, the superintendent of the work, is unable to say.



### NEW YORK HOSPITAL

Is an interesting landmark, shortly to be demolished and superseded by new buildings—yet forming a prominent feature between Duane and Worth Streets, mainly on account of the broad, green avenue, planted with a double row of trees, by which it is approached from the street. The main building is of rough gray stone, one hundred and twenty-four feet long, including its two wings, and fifty feet deep. It was founded in 1771, by the Earl of Dunmore, who was at that time governor of the colony, and numerous additions have since been made to it.

### N. Y. LIFE INS. CO.'S BUILDING.

This splendid building, now in course of erection on Broadway, between Leonard Street and Catherine Lane, is perhaps one of the finest structures ever reared by private enterprise in this country. The exterior is of pure white marble, in the Ionic order of architecture; the design having been suggested by the Temple of the Erectheus at Athens. The chief entrance will be highly ornamented, and the entire cost will be about one million dollars.

### UNION SQUARE.

This handsome oval of greenery, extending from Fourteenth to Seventeenth Street, may be considered as



New York Life Insurance Company's Building, corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.



Union Square.

a bronze equestrian figure, placed upon a plain granite pedestal. The figure is fourteen and a half feet, and the entire monument, including the pedestal, twenty-nine feet, high. The statue is generally and deservedly admired.



Academy of Design, and Young Men's Christian Association Building, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue.

the branching off from Broadway to the residences and resorts of the *élite* of the metropolis.

The square itself, with a fine fountain in the centre, and provided with excellent shrubbery and trees, is in itself a most airy and interesting spot. Its walks are daily thronged by street-passengers desiring to make a short cut to the continuation of Broadway at Seventeenth Street, and, in the early mornings and evenings, by ladies and gentlemen of the neighborhood, and nurse-girls, with their charges in hand.

Among the novelties to which the attention of the stranger in the metropolis may be directed, should be mentioned the sparrowkingdom which has been founded and established in the square. At the south end of the square, to the right of Broadway, is Brown's colossal statue of Washington. It is

### ACADEMY OF DESIGN, &c.

The National Academy of Design is on the north-west corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. It has a front of eighty feet on



Twenty-third Street, and of ninety-eight feet and nine inches on Fourth Avenue. The main entrance is on the former front, level with the second story, and reached by a double flight of steps. The grand staircase leading to the upper galleries is a feature of the building. They are wide, massive, and imposing in effect. Exhibition galleries occupy the whole of the third story, which is lighted from the roof. The vestibule at the main entrance has an ornamental pavement of variegated marbles, and the floor of the great hall is walnut and maple in patterns. The design of the exterior was copied from a famous palace in Venice, and, being the only instance of this style of architecture in the city, or, we believe, in the country, it possesses a peculiar interest.

Directly opposite the Academy of Design, on the southwest corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is now in process of erection the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, which must prove highly ornamental to this part of the city, already so rich in structural beauty and elegance. The dimensions of the building are one hundred and seventy-five feet on Twenty-third Street, eighty-three feet on Fourth Avenue, and ninety-seven feet at the rear. The material is New Jersey brown-stone, and the yellowish marble from Ohio, in almost equal parts, though, on account of the latter composing the trimming material, the brown-stone gives the building the controlling air. The building will contain twenty-five apartments in all, including gymnasium, library, lecture-rooms, offices, etc., and will cost about \$300,000.

#### BOOTH'S THEATRE & PIKE'S OPERA-HOUSE.

Booth's New Theatre, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, is, in the opinion of many, the finest design in the city. It is in the Renaissance style of architecture, and stands seventy feet high from the sidewalk to the main cornice, crowning which is a Mansard roof of twenty-four feet. The theatre proper fronts one hundred and forty-nine feet on Twenty-third Street, and is divided into three parts, so combined as to form an almost perfect whole, with arched entrances at either extremity on the side, for the admission of the public, and on the other for another entrance, and the use of actors and those employed in the house. On either side of these main entrances are broad and lofty windows; and above them, forming a part of the second story, are niches for statues, surrounded by coupled columns resting on finely-sculptured pedestals. The central or main niche is flanked on either side by quaintly-contrived blank windows; and between the columns, at the depths of the recesses, are simple pilasters, sustaining the elliptic arches, which will serve to span and top the niches, the latter to be occupied by statues of the great creators and interpreters of the drama

in every age and country. The finest Concord granite, from the best quarries in New Hampshire, is the material used in the entire façade, as well as in the Sixth Avenue side. Taken from a point embracing the Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street façades, the glittering granite mass, exquisitely poised, adorned with rich and appropriate carving, statuary columns, pilasters, and arches, and capped by the springing French roof, fringed with its shapely balustrades, offers an imposing and majestic aspect, and forms one of the architectural jewels of the city.

Pike's New Opera-House is an imposing and elegant structure, occupying the block on Eighth Avenue between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets, and estimated to have cost nearly half a million of dollars. It fronts one hundred and thirteen feet on the avenue, and ninety-eight feet on Twenty-third Street, and is eighty feet high, from the base to the cornice. The main entrance to the theatre is twenty-one feet wide, and leads up a passage, eighty feet long, into a vestibule forty-five by seventy-two feet. Thence the visitor passes up the main staircase, twelve feet wide, which conducts him directly into the dress-circle. The exterior of the building is a good

specimen of the Italian order of architecture. At the top, over the main entrance, is a statuesque group representing Apollo and Erato. Below this are medallions of Shakespeare and Mozart; and on either side of the window below are large figures representing Comedy and Tragedy. Emblazoned coats-of-arms brighten the main entrance on either side. The front of the theatre, on Eighth Avenue, is of solid marble, with ornamental cornice; and the interior is lighted by chandeliers in a dome thirty feet in diameter.

#### ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was projected by the late Archbishop Hughes, who laid the corner-stone in 1858, during which and the following year the foundations were laid and a portion of the superstructure built, when work was temporarily suspended. Upon the accession of Archbishop McCloskey, however, a new impetus was given to the work, which has been vigorously prosecuted ever since. The ground occupied (extreme length, three hundred and thirty-two feet; general

breadth, one hundred and thirty-two feet, with an extreme breadth at the transepts of one hundred and seventy-four feet) is the most elevated on Fifth Avenue, there being a gradual descent both toward the south, and toward Central Park, on the north. The site, indeed, is singularly happy and fortunate for so great and imposing a structure. The style of the building is decorated Gothic—that which prevailed in Europe from the beginning of the thirteenth century to the close of the fourteenth—and will



Booth's Theatre, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue.



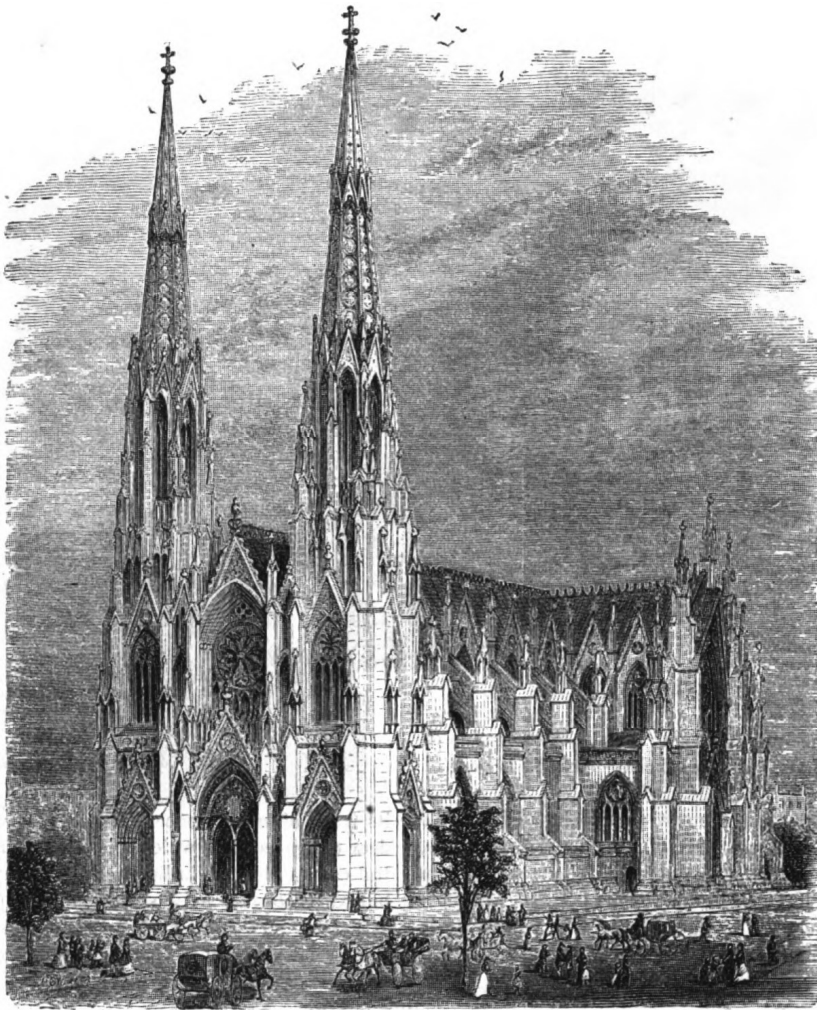
The Grand Opera-House, at corner of Twenty-third Street and Eighth Avenue.

constitute a judicious mean between the heaviness of the latter period and the over-elaboration of later times. Judging from the picture of the building as complete, it appears to be more nearly modelled upon the celebrated Cathedral of Cologne; but there are also fine and correct examples of the same order of architecture in Rheims and Amiens. On Fifth Avenue front there will be a tower and spire on each corner, each measuring three hundred and twenty-eight feet from the ground to the summit of the cross, and each thirty-two feet square at the base, and thence to the point at which the form assumes the octagonal—a height of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The towers maintain the square form to this height, then rise in octagonal lanterns, fifty-four feet in height, and then spring into magnificent spires to a further elevation of one hundred and thirty-eight feet. The towers and spires are to be ornamented with buttresses, niches with statues, and pinnacles so arranged as to disguise the change from the square to the octagon. The central gable, between the two towers, will be one hundred and fifty-six feet high. The main entrance will be richly decorated, flanked on either side by a large painted window, and embowered in carved symbols of religion. It is intended to have this structure under roof within ten years.

#### PARK AVENUE.

This avenue arches the tunnel of the Harlem River Railroad—an excavation through the solid granitic stratum beneath—and extends from Thirty-fourth Street a distance of one-quarter of a mile.

It is one of the healthiest, breeziest portions of the city proper, and a most elegant and select locality. Little or no inconvenience is expe-



Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue.

northwest corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, was only completed a year ago—the dedication taking place in April, 1868—and exhibits in its completion many traits of simple beauty. The archi-



Park Avenue.

rienced from the noise or smoke of the trains of the Harlem River and New Haven Railroads which are almost constantly trundling beneath the broad, well-kept street. The noise is almost entirely deadened by the deep crust of rock and earth, and, as the cars are drawn by horses to nearly three blocks above the upper mouth of the tunnel, no annoyance is created by either the vapor or the hissing of the iron steeds.

In the centre of the avenue, at regular intervals, are neatly-railed oval enclosures of green sod, with a grated hole in the centre of each. These apertures are for the purpose of transmitting daylight to the tunnel beneath, and their efficacy will have been perceived by any one who has made the subterranean passage. Their general arrangement, and the tastefulness with which they have been disguised, as it were, together with the elegant surroundings, give the short, broad avenue something of the air of a London terrace.

The Unitarian Church of the Messiah, occupying a commanding site at the

architecture may be best expressed as the Rhenish-Gothic style. It is built of brick, with gray sandstone trimmings, covering a space, including the chapel, of 80 by 145 feet. The entrance, on Thirty-fourth Street, is of light-colored stone, elaborately carved, and a little gem as a piece of architecture.

The walls of the interior, which are of plain plaster

at present, will be decorated and painted at some future day; and the ceiling is of the simple pendent order. Including the ground, the

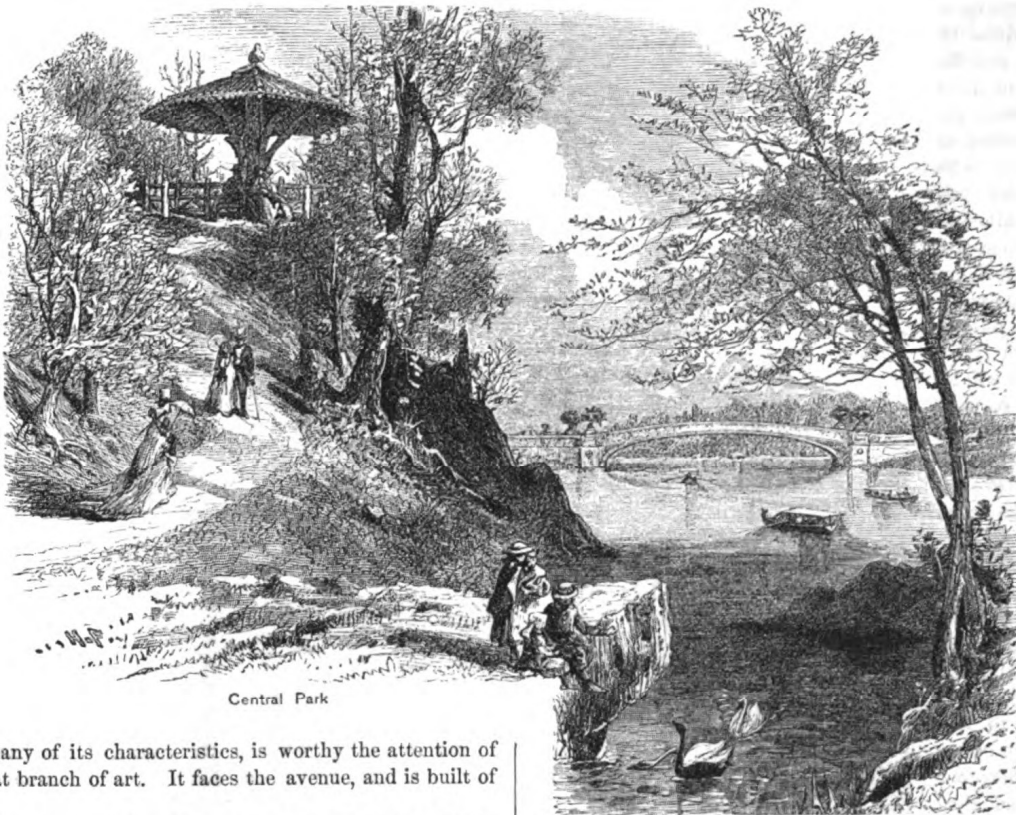
Church of the Messiah was erected at a cost of \$250,000. The Rev. Sam'l Osgood, D. D., is the pastor.

Immediately adjoining the Church of the Messiah, and occupying the avenue block between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, is the larger and more elaborate Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. Its dedication dates three years prior to that of its neighbor. It is of the Lombardo-Gothic style of architecture, and, in many of its characteristics, is worthy the attention of the student in that branch of art. It faces the avenue, and is built of rich gray-stone.

These two edifices, occupying the most prominent angle of the broad, quiet street, with the adjacent rows of brown-stone dwellings, and here and there a snowy front of marble to relieve the brown sobriety, serve to render this little avenue one of the prettiest and most select in the metropolis. From the northern extremity, a fine view is also afforded of the straight line of the Harlem River Railroad, piercing the deep granite cuts of Yorkville, and stretching away to Harlem Bridge, with a glimpse of Central Park foliage and greenery to the left.

#### CENTRAL PARK.

There are many public enterprises, intended for the benefit of the city, which mistaken calculations or official corruption have made complete or comparative failures. One, at least, can be presented, which which has more than fulfilled the most sanguine expectations that were ever entertained of it. This notable exception is the Central Park. We call it "Central" Park now; had we done so fifteen years ago, we should have been looked upon as lunatics. Allowing something for the foresight of the projectors who named it, there is likelihood that, in less than a quarter of a century, those who called it "Central" will be regarded as—speaking mildly—short-sighted speculators. But, regarding it as it is now, it is unquestionably the most beautiful park of its age in the world, and, even leaving the matter of age out of the question, it is doubtful if any park can be found to sur-



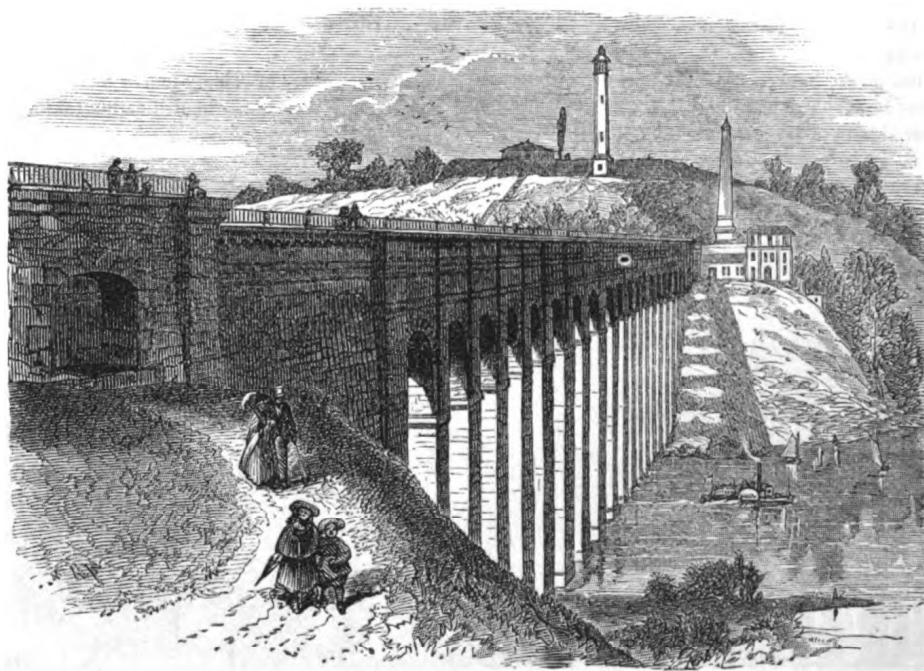
Central Park

its faults of juvenescence. Its trees may not be as noble in the grandeur of age as those which line the avenues that lead up to the ancestral castles plentiful in Europe; the country is not old enough for that; but what wonders a few years can accomplish have been accomplished in and by the Central Park. It has trees that need not be ashamed to show what they can do in the *sub tegmine fagi* line of business. The

shrubberies are as luxuriant as any at Sydenham or Chatsworth. The lakes are more artistically laid out and bordered than in any rival place of the kind, while the architectural decorations are beyond comparison.

#### HIGH BRIDGE

The famous High Bridge, which crosses Harlem River at the upper end of the island, and which in reality is a viaduct for conveying the Croton water across this stream, spans the whole width of the valley and river, from cliff to cliff, at a point where the latter is six hun-



High Bridge.

dred and twenty feet wide, and the former a quarter of a mile. It is composed of eight arches, each with a span of eighty feet, and the elevation of the arches gives one hundred feet clear of the river from their lower side. There are, besides these, a number of arches rising from the ground, with an average span of forty-five feet each. The water is led over the bridge, a distance of one thousand four hundred and fifty feet, in immense iron pipes, as great in diameter as the stature of a tall man, and over all is a pathway for pedestrians.



## CASTLE GARDEN AND NEW YORK BAY.

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**T**HE readers of the JOURNAL will find, with the present number, a cartoon affording a panoramic view of the Bay of New York, and of Castle Garden. Castle Garden derives its name from the fact that, after its duties as a fortification had ceased, it was converted into a public saloon, or garden, so called. At a later day it served as a concert-room and theatre, but is now employed as a depot for immigrants, and as the headquarters of the Commissioners of Emigration. That vast tide of Germans, Irish, Italians, and other peoples, that annually land on our shores, for the greater part enter our continent through the portals of Castle Garden. The illustration shows a barge, heavily laden with immigrants, just towed from a ship at anchor in the bay, and discharging its living freight.

The point of view selected by the artist is a long pier projecting into the North River, where the spectator has at his left, in the foreground, the old, crumbling, picturesque "Castle," with "Governor's Island" and Fort Columbus in the middle distance, and the shores of Staten Island at his right. The harbor is broad and comprehensive, where the war and commercial marine of the world can find protection. Miniature

steamers and ferry-boats, Mercuries of the wave, are threading the open water, or hiding away in the hundred protected landing-places of the broken shore. Great ships lie at anchor, their bows polished and worn by the sea, their sails, as if from fatigue, flapping nerveless against the sky-sweeping masts. Huge dark hulls, great monsters indeed, are belching forth smoke from iron chimney-stacks, and moving on in straight lines with the seeming impulse of fate. Yachts, unrivalled in speed and beauty, are flashing their white wings in the sunshine. The gay packets of the lordly Hudson and charming Connecticut are sweeping along, crowded with living, hopeful beings. The whole scene is one of brilliant life and bustle.

“Old Castle Garden,” which stands out at the foot of the island as if to watch all that enters the gate of the harbor, although now so dilapidated and worn, is a place of no little interest. In the dreamy olden times of our Holland ancestors, the foundations of this dismantled fort were innumerable boulders, stained with seaweed and salt, lying beyond the main-land, and known as the Whitehall rocks. Upon them, more than two centuries ago, was perched a rude fortification, and a consequent demand was made for land enough, immediately adjoining, to afford a parade-ground and a place whereon to erect the commandants’ houses; and thus, in time, was originated “the Battery,” for so many generations of such significance to native-born New-Yorkers. The existing structure, which occupies so prominent a place in our cartoon, was erected to meet the exigencies of “the War of 1812,” but no enemy invaded our harbor, and a hostile shot was never fired from its walls.

## CONSOLATIONS FOR MISGOVERNED NEW-YORKERS.

**T**HERE is a great complaint of the burden of life in our metropolis. What between crushing taxes, exorbitant rents, municipal corruptions, thwartings of justice, discomfort of travel, brutality to animals, venality of politicians, and the

general insecurity of life and property, there seems much occasion for discouragement. Undoubtedly, if we permit ourselves to dwell too much upon these things, we shall form a very low estimate of the state of society in which we live. We have, however, found a partial corrective of the depressing effect of reading our daily newspapers, and which even affords a kind of dismal satisfaction in their perusal: it is in the contemplation of other states of society, which, we may fairly assume, are altogether worse. We have just raised our spirits by dipping into some descriptions of social experience in South Africa, and are half inclined to indulge in a little sneaking jubilation at the better state of things around us.

Three or four travellers, of irrepressible enterprise, have recently been exploring the Cannibal Caverns of the Transgariep country, and give us some consolatory accounts of what they found there. Mr. James Henry Bowker, in the last *Anthropological Review*, describes what he discovered in the mountains near Thaba Bosigo, as follows:

“On turning to the right of this ledge the scene opened out in all its grandeur; and certainly, in all my life and wanderings, I have never beheld a more savage-looking place. The cavern is formed by the overhanging cliff, and its entrance, a long, rugged natural arch, extends along the whole face of the cavern, or nearly so, which is in length about one hundred and thirty yards, and its breadth about one hundred. The roof of this place, which is lofty and arched,



is blackened with the smoke and soot of the fires of the savages who formerly inhabited it, and its floor, strewn with the remains of what they had left there, consisted of heaps of human bones, piled up together or scattered about at random in the cavern, and from thence, down the sloping face of the rock, as far as the eye could reach, the clefts and small level spots were white with the bones and skulls of human beings ; skulls especially were very numerous, and consisted chiefly of those of children and young persons. These remains told too true a tale of the purpose for which they had been used, for they were hacked and cut to pieces with what appeared to have been either blunt axes or sharpened stones ; the marrow-bones were split into small pieces, the rounded joints alone being left unbroken. Only a very few of these bones were charred by fire, showing that the prevailing taste had been for boiled rather than roast meat.

"You may guess the feelings with which I wandered about this gloomy sepulchre, and examined its various places of interest. One spot was pointed out to me, with rough, irregular steps, leading up into the interior of the cavern to a gloomy-looking natural gallery, and in this place, I was informed, were stowed away the unfortunate victims not required for immediate consumption. From this place it was impossible to escape without passing through the middle of the cavern, which they could not do without being detected.

"Horrible as all this must appear, there might be some excuse made for savages, driven by famine to extreme hunger, for capturing and devouring their enemies ; but with these people it was totally different, for they were inhabiting a fine agricultural tract of country, which also abounded in game ; but, notwithstanding all this, they were not contented with hunting and feeding upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also, for many of their captures were made from among the people of their own tribe ; and, even worse than this, in times of scarcity, many of their own wives and children became the victims of this horrible practice. If a wife proved lazy, or quarrelsome, she was speedily disposed of. (This is very comforting, after a dolorous speech on the horrible oppressions to which the women of our country are subjected.) A crying baby would in like manner be silenced, and any member of the community showing signs of sickness, or bodily infirmity, would not be allowed to linger or to fall off in condition. Such were the horrible practices of this degraded people, and although it is now commonly reported that they have for many years entirely given up this diabolical way of living, I saw, while at the cavern, unmistakable evidence that the custom has not been altogether abandoned.

"There are still a good many of the old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern, I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place. He is a man of about sixty years of age, and (not to speak from prejudice) one of the most God-lost looking ruffians that I have ever beheld in all my life. There is one little episode connected with his life that I may

as well relate. In former days, when he was a young man, and residing in the cavern, he captured, during one of his hunting expeditions, three young women, and from these he selected the best-looking as a partner for life—the other two went to stock the larder. This union, notwithstanding the strange circumstances attending it, proved to be a happy one, the lady soon reconciling herself to her new mode of living, and settling quietly down in the cavern, where I was shown the corner which she and her husband formerly occupied ; and her son, a fine strapping youth, brought us some milk on the day on which we visited the caverns.

“At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us that he had formerly been at the cooking of about thirty people, when cannibalism was still in vogue, and he seemed greatly to regret that—

‘The bigots of this iron time  
Had called his *harmless* life a crime.’

for he appeared to think that the objections raised to their former mode of living were unreasonable and uncalled-for.

“While we were at this place we heard rather a curious anecdote ; it is as follows :

“Many years ago, during one of the raids made by the cannibals, several individuals were captured and brought into the cavern, and among them was a young girl of great personal attractions. After much discussion on the part of the savages, her life was spared, and she became the wife of one of the cannibals. After some time had elapsed the father of this girl received information that she was still alive, but detained in the cavern ; upon hearing which he sought the aid of one of the missionaries residing in those regions, and together they proceeded to the cavern, where they made the necessary arrangements for the girl's return to her home, the father paying six oxen as ransom for his daughter. But she had not been very long at home before she again disappeared, and, upon inquiry being made, it was found that she had, of her own free will, returned to her friends in the cavern ; strange to say, preferring their mode of living to that of her father, who was not a cannibal.

“There is another anecdote told of these people, which I will also relate, as it serves to illustrate their manners and customs, and to show how lightly they regarded human life :

“In former times, when lions were plentiful in these regions, they would occasionally (like the inhabitants of the caverns) choose the flesh of human game in preference to that of wild animals, becoming exceedingly troublesome in their nightly ravages to the inhabitants of the caverns, seizing and devouring many of them. To rid themselves of the lions, these people constructed stone-traps, and (shocking to relate) these stone-traps were baited with young children, whose sad wailings attracted the lions to the spot, when they would be taken in the snare, and the life of the child sacrificed.”

These people, it seems, furthermore, attempt to make out a case in defence of their practices ; but the ethics of cannibalism are not inspiriting as matters of contemplation, any more than the ethics of our politicians at home. Indeed, at bottom, there is more similarity between them than one would at first suspect, as they both resolve themselves into a very unscrupulous self-interest.

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## A SKETCH OF THE STREET-GAMIN OF NEW YORK.

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THAT glorious Frenchman, Victor Hugo, has immortalized the *gamin* of Paris; but as curious specimens of little humanity may be found in our own metropolis among those classed as "the out-door poor." There seems to be something amphibious in the nature of these children, as they hop about the docks, not exactly in the water, and not quite out of it. A moderate rain is no disturbance, and a hard one only causes a brief eclipse. When it is over, they are out of their mysterious hiding-places, as brisk as ever, and, seemingly, as dry. Their delight is to watch the flight of pigeons, and, when one white or black or mottled bird touches another, they look upon it as

a celestial game of "tag." The gold-dealers on Wall Street are not half so earnest in following or calling the erratic motions of their god, as are the children at the foot of the same street, in looking with bated breath as some pigeon nears another, and then, at the touch of the wing and the dart into space, a dozen will shout, "He's it! he's it! The white one is the tag!"

These little things—innocent from ignorance, and not old enough for perfect iniquity—are generally partly clothed and partly fed from some of the institutions of charity. The children consider that they render value received for what they get, by attending some form of Sunday-school or divine service. The surest way to trap them is to distribute food or clothing on the Sabbath. Consequently, they all have dim ideas of Providence. Only the other day, the writer passed a little German boy of some six years, who had the *clean* streaks running down his cheeks that told of recent punishment and more recent tears. Poor little things—rain and tears are the only washings their faces often know! He was gravely explaining the matter to a sympathetic little girl, and closed with, "I likes God better nor my fadder." In the adjacent alley, another boy had discovered a free show, and was dancing with delight as he shouted, "Run here quick, everybody! Run quick, or you won't see it!" It was a woman whipping a child.

Four of these children—John and Pete Maginnis, and Willie and Susan Roberts—were among the "outside" children of a city mission; that is, they had a shelter which saved them from Randall's Island, and some theoretical relatives who would not permit the House of Industry to take control, and get them homes in the West.

John and Pete had fallen in love with the great card of pocket-knives, tweezers, and corkscrews, that hung in the window of a hardware store on Broadway, not far from the City-Hall Park. To save enough pennies for a purchase would have involved starvation; and yet the boys' longing for a bright pocket-knife was none the less ardent. The incongruity of pearl handles and polished steel in the pockets of the rolled-up and dirty men's trousers they wore, did not strike them, and by a unanimous vote John and Pete resolved themselves into a committee of two on ways and means. What they wanted was in the custody of their natural enemy and prey, a "Broadway dress-up," and guarded by those watch-dogs in blue, the police. To smash the thick plate of glass with a paving-stone or a lump of coal, was out of the question. Equally impossible to get inside unseen, for they tried it.

A new building was going up on the lot next to the store, and the ladders used by the hod-carriers during the week stood unused on Sunday. The roof-timbers of the new building reached as high as the roof of the store. With that generosity we all feel in the property of others, the two discoverers offered Willie an equal share in the speculation.

He was willing enough, but his little sister, Sue, was his confidante.

She was consulted, and her objections were very decided. Yet, to all her arguments and childish logic, the two older tempters had equally ready replies. She knew of the text, "Thou, God, seest me;" but they said they would go at night, when He couldn't see, and there was no gas on the top of the store. She was not informed enough to meet that difficulty. To her argument that the penknives did not belong to them came the answer, "What do they put them in the outside winder for, then?" When she insisted that the ladies at the Mission would be offended, and their anger would close the avenue to shoes and bread, the little rogues said, "They won't know it." She urged the danger, and they replied, "If it ain't safe, we kin come down agin." To her climax, the terror of the police, they responded that "perlecemans don't leave they beat to go into new buildings," and that she was the very one to stay below and watch. She could have some flowers to sell, and would not be taken up.

This was conclusive to Willie, and, perforce, was so to his devoted little sister.

Sunday night came, starlight but dark, and, by the time the crowd, which is always thin on Sunday, was reduced by the lateness of the hour, the four adventurers had found out the locality of the night-watch, on the front and back streets, and were safe in the shadow of the basement brickwork. That once achieved, they concluded to take the flower-girl with them, and all four began the ascent of the steep and perilous ladders. This was bad enough in daylight, but worse in the dark, amid the pitfalls of loose lumber and scattered masonry.

At last they were all safe on the top of the building, only to meet a new difficulty. There was a trap-door, as they had supposed, but so securely fastened as to defy all efforts to raise it. The flat tin of the roof was not more impervious.

The building, however, ran through from street to street, and, as the central part would be almost dark, if only dependent for light from the street windows, there was the usual remedy. An opening like a great well led from the roof to the basement, and light went down and rain was kept out by a skylight of large panes of glass. Other and thicker glass intervened between the first and second floors and the basement; but that was three stories below.

To break and remove a pane of the glass of the skylight, and make an opening large enough for a small boy, was easily and quickly done. But that only made a hole over a dark gulf of unknown depth.

Probably, if there is any thing which a New-York street-boy is afraid of, that something is not yet discovered; and so they were not afraid of the chasm beneath them. They knew that the most of stores only protected such holes by a railing, breast-high from the floor, and they took this for an average store.

John was the oldest and strongest, a boy of about twelve years. He let himself down by the hands, and hung suspended. Then he gave his body a swinging motion as a preparation for the leap, and, without a thought how to get back, he let go. With a slight jar he safely cleared the opening, and landed on his feet on the floor beyond. Pete next made the attempt, and was equally successful. As Susan's dress did not suit for such a feat, she was not to try it. Her brother came next, and again she begged him to give it up and go home; but his pride and boyish reputation were at stake, and he let himself down for the swing. Then came the leap—he struck the railing, and there was a heavy fall, far below. The sister was with some difficulty persuaded not to follow him in the same way, and then the two who were safe hurried down to see if the other was dead.

The back part of the store, opening on the back street, was used for a clothing-store, and a pile of coats on the glass of the second floor had broken the fall and saved life. As it was, a leg was broken, and he was bruised all over. The larger boy took him on his back, and slowly and painfully bore him up the stairs, often pausing to rest. The other one succeeded in unbolting the trap-door from the inside, and then the little sufferer was laid at his sister's feet on the high roof. It would not do to lose the fruits of the expedition on account of the accident, and away the two boys scampered below for the coveted pen-knives. An abundance of these were found without venturing to the window, and, with pockets distended with treasure, they sought and found access to the clothing-store in the rear.

The department for boys suited them exactly, and the soiled rags of the docks were soon exchanged for cloth and velvet, with the full glory of buttons. Some things were still lacking. The shoes had been left at home, as likely to be in the way; and there were none to be had. There were no hats or caps, and they kept the old ones. They did not wash their faces. Then the pockets stuck out alarmingly.



They were in no hurry, and spent more than an hour at their investigation. Susan was in a hurry, for Willie had fainted from pain, and might die, for all she knew. It must ever be an unexplained mystery, how terror or excitement can lend unnatural strength, and give a child the endurance of a man. She did not pause to question of possibility, but began the task of carrying a boy, almost as large and heavy as herself, down the ladders that were so difficult alone and unencumbered. How she succeeded, often requiring one hand for a guide, while she held him with the other, avoiding the pitfalls, walking on the open timber, saving him from hurt as much as possible, and not saving herself at all—this she could not have explained to herself or to others. Yet, by the time the two others had finished their robbery and were at the top of the ladders, she was at the bottom, and resting, sick and half-conscious, beside her insensible brother. As they came down and called her, she was not able to answer, and they passed on. A policeman was on the sidewalk as they emerged and undertook to pass him with the air of well-bred city boys. Probably it was overdone. Then the glossy clothes and full array of buttons did not exactly correspond with the bare feet, old hats, and dirty faces. There was a brief chase, and then both were marched off under arrest. The result of all the labor and peril was hard labor in the shoe factory of the House of Refuge, up the river.

Susan knew from the noise what had happened, and the absence

of the policeman was her chance. Again her arms enfolded her brother, and soon she was across the street and into the narrower one which led to her home. The boy became conscious, and began to groan ; but a whisper of the danger hushed that, and she toiled on, avoiding the lamp-light when she could, resting often from necessity, and fancying the flat cap and long coat of the police in every shadow. Of all things, she feared most these representatives of the law. A greater fear in that it was vague and not defined or limited. At last, one did come up the street ; but she cowered in the shadow of a doorstep, and he passed her in the darkness. Another was at a corner, and they had to wait many long minutes before he went away. No part of the stolen property was with them, and she was glad of that. Still she avoided arrest. Prison or hospital—it was all one to them. The street was liberty, and beggars were free.

At last came the darkness and filth and smell of the alley-way—worse than the hospital or prison to others, but home and safety to them. The mother was sober, and there were a bed and a doctor before daylight.

Susie was not afraid of the ladies of the Mission, and the next morning early she had told them the whole story. No one doubted it; and if they had, the bruised and half-dead boy, and the report of the robbery in the morning papers of the next day, was proof enough.

The little sister was sore and exhausted, so as scarcely to be able to walk, but insisted on being the nurse. As there was little prospect of income from the boy for many months to come, and as his condition and the act which led to it was a lesson on the perils of the streets, the mother was persuaded to let both children be sheltered from the out-door temptations within the walls of the Mission.

Poor Willie had a hard time of it, as some of his injuries were internal ; but his soul and his body were nursed at the same time, and knowledge of sin with repentance grew with his returning strength. It is hard for those who know Bible truths so well, to understand how utterly ignorant children can be, who hear Sabbath bells and see open churches from birth. It was hard for Willie to understand why little Susan could not go out and steal an apple from the nearest stand for him, while he was sick ; and harder still for pious people to understand that he knew no better. He certainly knew that stealing was punished, but failure of success in begging had also been, and he knew of as little reason for one as for the other. The two other boys, who were arrested, had to guess at morals from the tender mercies of the State House of Correction ; but the little boy who was saved by his sister, and the sister who saved him, have comfortable homes amid the green prairies of the West.

Both would blush to-day, did any one there know that they had once been little burglars.